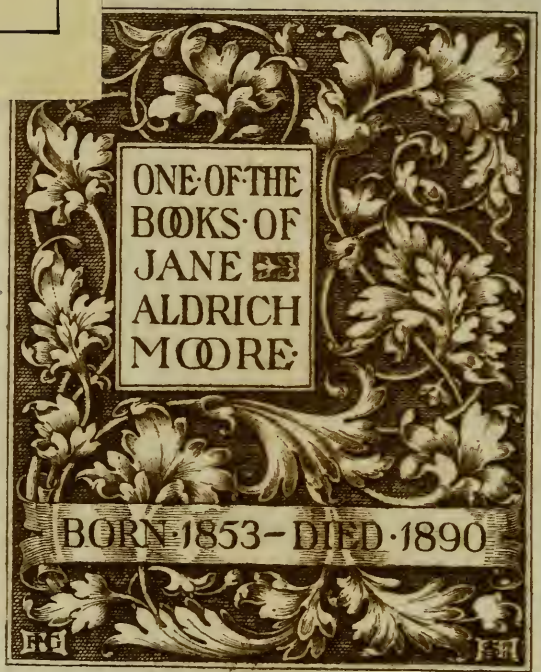


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
B35h
v.2



The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

DEC 13 1977

DEC 15 1977

L161—O-1096

HENRIETTA TEMPLE.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE,

A Love Story.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

"Quoth Sancho, read it out by all means; for I mightily delight in hearing of Love-stories."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
MDCCCXXXVII.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

823
B35h
V.2

HENRIETTA TEMPLE.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN ARMINE PROVES HIMSELF A COMPLETE TACTICIAN.

The midnight moon flung its broad beams over the glades and avenues of Armine, as Ferdinand, riding Miss Temple's horse, re-entered the park. His countenance was paler than the spectral light that guided him on his way. He looked little like a pledged and triumphant lover; but in his contracted brow and compressed lip might be read the determination of his soul. There was no longer a contest between

poverty and pride, between the maintenance or destruction of his ancient house, between his old engagement and his present passion; that was past. Henrietta Temple was the light in the Pharos, amid all his stormy fortunes; thither he directed all the energies of his being; and to gain that port, or sink, was his unflinching resolution.

It was deep in the night before he again beheld the towers and turrets of his castle, and the ivy-covered fragment of the old Place seemed to sleep in peace under its protecting influence. A wild and beautiful event had happened since last he quitted those ancient walls. And what would be its influence upon them? But it is not for the passionate lover to moralise. For him, the regrets of the past and the chances of the future are alike lost in the ravishing and absorbing present. For a lover that has but just secured the object of his long and tumultuous hopes, is as a diver who has just plucked a jewel from the bed of some rare sea. Panting and

wild he lies upon the beach, and the gem that he clutches is the sole idea that engrosses his existence.

Ferdinand is within his little chamber; that little chamber where his mother had bid him so passionate a farewell. Ah! he loves another woman better than his mother now! Nay, even a feeling of embarrassment and pain is associated with the recollection of that fond and elegant being, that he had recognised once as the model of all feminine perfection, and who had been to him so gentle and so devoted. He drives his mother from his thoughts. It is of another voice that he now muses; it is the memory of another's glance that touches his eager heart. He falls into a reverie; the passionate past is acted again before him; in his glittering eye and the rapid play of his features may be traced the tumult of his soul. A doubt crosses his brow. Is he indeed so happy—is it not all a dream? He takes from his bosom the handkerchief of Henrietta Temple. He recognises upon it her

magical initials, worked in her own fine dark hair. A smile of triumphant certainty irradiates his countenance, as he rapidly presses the memorial to his lips, and imprints upon it a thousand kisses; and holding this cherished testimony of his felicity to his heart, sleep at length descended upon the exhausted frame of Ferdinand Armine.

But the night that brought dreams to Ferdinand Armine, brought him not visions more marvellous and magical than his waking life. He who loves, lives in an extatic trance. The world that surrounds him is not the world of working man: it is fairy land. He is not of the same order as the labouring myriads on which he seems to tread. They are to him but a swarm of humble-minded and humble-mannered insects. For him, the human species is represented by a single individual, and of her he makes an idol. All that is bright and rare is but invented and devised to adorn and please her. Flowers for her were made so sweet, and birds

so musical. All nature seems to bear an intimate relation to the being we adore; and, as to us life would now appear intolerable, a burthen of insupportable and wearing toil, without this transcendent sympathy, so we cannot help fancying, that were its sweet and subtle origin herself to quit this inspired scene, the universe itself would not be unconscious of its deprivation, and somewhat of the world's lustre might be missed even by the most callous.

The morning burst, as beautiful as such love. A rosy tint suffused the soft and tremulous sky, and tinted with a delicate hue the tall trees and the wide lawns, freshened with the light and vanishing dew. The air was vocal with a thousand songs; all was bright and clear, cheerful and golden. Ferdinand awoke from delicious dreams, and gazed upon the scene that responded to his own bright and glad emotions, and inhaled the balmy air, ethereal as his own soul. Love, that can illumine the dark hovel and the dismal garret, that sheds a ray of enchanting light over the

close and busy city, seems to mount with a lighter and more glittering pinion in an atmosphere as brilliant as its own plumes. Fortunate the youth, the romance of whose existence is placed in a scene befitting its fair and marvellous career; fortunate the passion that is breathed in palaces, amid the ennobling creations of surrounding art, and greets the object of its fond solicitude amid perfumed gardens, and in the shade of green and silent woods! Whatever may be the harsher course of his career, however the cold world may cast its dark shadows upon his future path, he may yet consider himself thrice blessed to whom this graceful destiny has fallen, and amid the storms and troubles of after life may look back to these hours, fair as the dawn, beautiful as the twilight, with solace and satisfaction. Disappointment may wither up his energies, oppression may bruise his spirit; but balked, daunted, deserted, crushed, lone where once all was sympathy, gloomy where all was light, still he has not lived in vain.

Business, however, rises with the sun. The morning brings cares, and, although with rebraced energies and renovated strength then is the season that we are best qualified to struggle with the harassing brood, still Ferdinand Armine, the involved son of a ruined race, seldom rose from his couch, seldom recalled consciousness after repose, without a pang. Nor was there indeed magic withal in the sweet spell that now bound him to preserve him from this black invasion. Anxiety was one of the ingredients of the charm. He might have forgotten his own broken fortunes, his audacious and sanguine spirit might have built up many a castle for the future, as brave as that of Armine; but the very inspiring recollection of Henrietta Temple, the very remembrance of the past and triumphant eve, only the more forced upon his memory the conviction that he was, at this moment, engaged also to another, and bound to be married to two women.

Something must be done; Miss Grandison

might arrive this very day. It was an improbable incident, but still it might occur. While he was thus musing, his servant brought him his letters, which had arrived the preceding day—letters from his mother and Katherine, *his* Katherine. They brought present relief. The invalid had not amended; their movements were still uncertain. Katherine, "his own Kate," expressed even a faint fond wish that he would return. His resolution was taken in an instant. He decided with the prescient promptitude of one who has his dearest interests at stake. He wrote to Katherine that he would instantly fly to her, only that he daily expected his attendance would be required in town, on military business of urgent importance to their happiness. This might, this must, necessarily delay their meeting. The moment he received his summons to attend the Horse Guards, he should hurry off. In the meantime, she was to write to him here; and at all events not to quit Bath for Armine, without giving him a notice of

several days. Having despatched this letter, and another to his mother, Ferdinand repaired to the tower, to communicate to Glastonbury the necessity of his immediate departure for London, but he also assured that good old man of his brief visit to that city. The pang of this unexpected departure was softened by the positive promise of returning in a very few days, and returning with his family.

Having made these arrangements, Ferdinand now felt that come what might he had at least secured for himself a certain period of unbroken bliss. He had a faithful servant, an Italian, in whose discretion he had justly unlimited confidence. To him Ferdinand intrusted the duty of bringing, each day, his letters to his retreat, which he had fixed upon should be that same picturesque farm-house, in whose friendly porch he had found the preceding day such a hospitable shelter, and where he had experienced that charming adventure which now rather delighted than perplexed him.

CHAPTER II.

A DAY OF LOVE.

Meanwhile the beautiful Henrietta sat in her bower, her music neglected, her drawing thrown aside. Even her birds were forgotten, and her flowers untended. A soft tumult filled her frame: now rapt in reverie she leaned her head upon her fair hand in charmed abstraction; now rising from her restless seat she paced the chamber, and thought of his quick coming. What was this mighty revolution that a few short days—a few brief hours had occasioned? How mysterious, yet how irresistible—how overwhelming! Her father was absent, that father on whose fond idea she had alone lived; from whom the slightest separation had once been

pain ; and now that father claims not even her thoughts. Another, and a stranger's image, is throned in her soul. She who had moved in the world so variously—who had received so much homage, and been accustomed from her childhood to all that is considered accomplished and fascinating in man, and had passed through the ordeal with a calm clear spirit ; behold she is no longer the mistress of her thoughts or feelings ; she had fallen before a glance, and yielded in an instant to a burning word !

But could she blame herself ? Did she repent the rapid and ravishing past ? Did regret mingle with her wonder ? Was there a pang of remorse, however slight, blending its sharp tooth with all her bliss ? Oh ! no ! Her love was perfect, and her joy was full. She offered her vows to that heaven that had accorded her happiness so supreme ; she felt only unworthy of a destiny so complete. She marvelled, in the meekness and purity of her spirit, why one so gifted had been reserved for her, and what he could recognise in

her imperfect and inferior qualities to devote to them the fondness of his rare existence.

Ferdinand Armine! Did there indeed ever breathe, had the wit of poet ever yet devised, a being so choice? So young, so beautiful, so lively and accomplished, so deeply and variously interesting! Was that sweet voice, indeed, only to sound in her enchanted ear—that graceful form to move only for the pleasure of her watchful eye? That quick and airy fancy but to create for her delight, and that soft, gentle heart to own no solicitude but for her will and infinite gratification? And could it be possible that he loved her, that she was indeed his pledged and panting bride, that the accents of his adoration still echoed in her ear, and his fond embrace still clung to her mute and trembling lips! Would he always love her? Would he always be so fond? Would he be as faithful as he was now devoted? Ah! she would not lose him. That heart should never escape her. Her life should be one long vigilant device to enchain his being.

What was she five days past? Is it possible that she lived before she met him? Of what did she think, what do? Could there be pursuits without this companion, plans or feelings without this sweet friend? Life must have been a blank, vapid and dull and weary. She could not recal herself before that morning ride to Armine. How rolled away the day! How heavy must have been the hours! All that had been uttered before she listened to Ferdinand seemed without point; all that was done before he lingered at her side aimless and without an object.

O Love! in vain they moralise; in vain they teach us thou art a delusion; in vain they dissect thine inspiring sentiment, and would mortify us into misery by its degrading analysis. The sage may announce that gratified vanity is thine aim and end; the lover glances with contempt at his cold-blooded philosophy. Nature assures him thou art a beautiful and sublime emotion; and, he answers, canst thou deprive the sun of its heat because its ray may be decomposed; or does the diamond blaze with

less splendour because thou canst analyse its effulgence?

A gentle rustling sounded at the window; Henrietta looked up, but the sight deserted her fading vision, as Ferdinand seized with softness her softer hand, and pressed it to his lips.

A moment since, and she had longed for his presence as the infant for its mother; a moment since, and she had murmured that so much of the morn had passed without his society; a moment since, and it had seemed that no time could exhaust the expression of her feelings. How she had sighed for his coming! How she had hoped that this day she might convey to him what last night she had so weakly, so imperfectly attempted! And now she sat trembling and silent, with downcast eyes and changing countenance!

"My Henrietta!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "my beautiful Henrietta, it seemed we never should meet again, and yet I rose almost with the sun."

"My Ferdinand," replied Miss Temple,

scarcely daring to meet his glance, "I cannot speak; I am so happy that I cannot speak."

"Ah! tell me, sweetest, have you thought of me very much! Did you observe I stole your handkerchief last night? See! here it is; when I slept, I kissed it and wore it next my heart."

"Dear handkerchief! Ah! give it me, my Ferdinand," she faintly murmured, extending her hand; and then she added, in a firmer and livelier tone, "And did he really kiss it! did he really kiss it before he slept, and wear it near his heart!"

"Near thine; for thine it is, love! Sweet, you look so beautiful to-day! It seems to me you never yet looked half so fair. Those eyes are so brilliant—so very blue—so like the violet! There is nothing like your eyes."

"Except your own."

"You have taken away your hand. Give me back my hand, my Henrietta. I will not quit it. The whole day it shall be clasped in mine.

Ah! what a hand! so soft—so very soft! There is nothing like your hand."

"Your's is as soft, dear Ferdinand."

"Oh! Henrietta! I do love you so! I wish that I could tell you how I loved you! As I rode home last night, it seemed that I had not conveyed to you a tithe, nay, a thousandth part of what I feel."

"You cannot love me, Ferdinand, more than I love you."

"Say so again! Tell me very often—tell me a thousand times, how much you love me. Unless you tell me a thousand times, Henrietta, I never can believe that I am so blessed."

They went forth into the garden. Nature, with the splendid sky and the sweet breeze, seemed to smile upon their passion. Henrietta plucked the most beautiful flowers, and placed them in his breast.

"Do you remember the rose at Armine," said Ferdinand, with a fond smile.

"Ah! who would have believed that it would

have led to this!" said Henrietta, with downcast eyes.

"I am not more in love now than I was then," said Ferdinand.

"I dare not speak of my feelings," said Miss Temple. "Is it possible that it can be but five days back since we first met! It seems another æra."

"I have no recollection of anything that occurred, before I saw you beneath the cedar," replied Ferdinand; "that is the date of my existence. I saw you, and I loved. My love was at once complete; I have no confidence in any other; I have no confidence in the love that is the creature of observation, and reflection, and comparison, and calculation. Love, in my opinion, should spring from innate sympathy; it should be superior to all situations, all ties, all circumstances."

"Such, then, we must believe is ours," replied Henrietta, in a somewhat grave and musing tone, "I would willingly embrace

your creed. I know not why I should be ashamed of my feelings. They are natural, and they are pure. And yet I tremble. But as long as you do not think lightly of me, Ferdinand, for whom should I care?"

"My Henrietta! my angel! my adored and beautiful! I worship you—I reverence you. Ah! my Henrietta, if you only knew how I dote upon you, you would not speak thus. Come, let us ramble in our woods."

So saying, he withdrew her from the more public situation in which they were then placed, and entered, by a winding walk, those beautiful bowers that had given so fair and fitting a name to Ducie. Ah! that was a ramble of rich delight, as winding his arm round her light waist, he poured into her palpitating ear all the eloquence of his passion. Each hour that they had known each other was analysed, and the feelings of each moment were compared. What sweet and thrilling confessions! Eventually it was settled, to the complete satisfaction of both,

that both had fallen in love at the same time, and that they had been mutually and unceasingly thinking of each other from the first instant of their meeting.

The conversation of lovers is inexhaustible. Hour glided away after hour, as Ferdinand alternately expressed his passion and detailed the history of his past life. For the curiosity of woman, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exacting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her lover. She is jealous of all that he has done before she knew him; of every person to whom he has spoken. She will be assured a thousand times that he never loved before, yet she credits the first affirmation. She envies the mother who knew him as a child, even the nurse that may have rocked his cradle. She insists upon a minute and finished portraiture of his character and life.

Why did he not give it? More than once it was upon his lips to reveal all; more than once

he was about to pour forth all his sorrows, all the entanglements of his painful situation; more than once he was about to make the full and mortifying confession, that, though his heart was hers, there existed another, who even at that moment might claim the hand that Henrietta clasped with so much tenderness. But he checked himself. He would not break the charm that surrounded him; he would not disturb the clear and brilliant stream in which his life was at this moment flowing; he had not courage to change by a worldly word the scene of celestial enchantment in which he now moved and breathed. Let me add, in some degree for his justification, that he was not altogether unmindful of the feelings of Miss Grandison. Sufficient misery remained, at all events, for her, without adding the misery of making her rival a confidante in her mortification. The deed must be done, and done promptly; but, at least, there should be no unnecessary witnesses to its harrowing achievement.

So he looked upon the radiant brow of his Henrietta, wreathed with smiles of innocent triumph, sparkling with unalloyed felicity, and beaming with unbroken devotion. Should the shade of a dark passion for a moment cloud that heaven, so bright and so serene? Should even a momentary pang of jealousy or distrust pain that pure and unsullied breast? In the midst of contending emotions, he pressed her to his heart with renewed energy, and, bending down his head, imprinted an embrace upon her blushing forehead.

They seated themselves on a bank, which, it would seem, nature had created for the convenience of lovers. The softest moss and the brightest flowers decked its elastic and fragrant side. A spreading beech tree shaded their heads from the sun, which now indeed was on the decline; and occasionally its wide branches rustled with the soft breeze, that passed over them in renovating and gentle gusts. The woods widened before them, and, at the termi-

nation of a well-contrived avenue, they caught the roofs of the village and the tall tower of Ducie Church. They had wandered for hours without weariness, yet the repose was grateful, while they listened to the birds, and plucked beautiful wild flowers.

"Ah! I remember," said Ferdinand, "that it was not far from here, while slumbering indeed in the porch of my pretty farm-house, that the fairy of the spot dropped on my breast these beautiful flowers that I now wear. Did you not observe them, my sweet Henrietta? Do you know that I am rather mortified, that they have not made you at least a little jealous?"

"I am not jealous of fairies, dear Ferdinand."

"And yet I half believe that you are a fairy, my Henrietta."

"A very substantial one I fear, my Ferdinand. Is this a compliment to my form?"

"Well, then, a sylvan nymph, much more, I assure you, to my fancy; perhaps the rosy Dryad of this fair tree; rambling in woods,

and bounding over commons, scattering beautiful flowers, and dreams as bright."

"And were your dreams bright yesterday morning."

"I dreamt of you."

"And when you awoke?"

"I hastened to the source of my inspiration."

"And if you had not dreamt of me?"

"I should have come to have inquired the reason why."

Miss Temple looked upon the ground; a blended expression of mirth and sentiment played over her features, and then looking up with a smile contending with her tearful eye, she hid her face in his breast and murmured, "I watched him sleeping. Did he indeed dream of me?"

"Darling of my existence," exclaimed the enraptured Ferdinand, "exquisite, enchanting being! Why am I so happy? What have I done to deserve bliss so ineffable? But tell me, beauty, tell me how you contrived to appear and

vanish without witnesses. For my inquiries were severe, and these good people must have been less artless than I imagined to have withstood them successfully."

"I came," said Miss Temple, "to pay them a visit, with me not uncommon. When I entered the porch I beheld my Ferdinand asleep. I looked upon him for a moment, but I was frightened and stole away unperceived. But I left the flowers, more fortunate than your Henrietta!"

"Sweet love!"

"Never did I return home," continued Miss Temple, "more sad and more dispirited. A thousand times I wished that I was a flower that I might be gathered and worn upon your heart. You smile, my Ferdinand. Indeed I feel I am very foolish, yet I know not why, I am now neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you anything. I was so miserable when I arrived home, my Ferdinand, that I went to my room and wept. And he then came! Oh! what heaven was

mine! I wiped the tears from my face and came down to see him. He looked so beautiful and happy!"

"And you, sweet child, oh! who could have believed, at that moment, that a tear had escaped from those bright eyes!"

"Love makes us hypocrites, I fear, my Ferdinand; for a moment before I was so wearied that I was lying on my sofa quite wretched. And then, when I saw him, I pretended that I had not been out, and was just thinking of a stroll. Oh, my Ferdinand! will you pardon me!"

"It seems to me that I never loved you until this moment. Is it possible that human beings ever loved each other as we do?"

Now came the hour of twilight. While in this fond strain the lovers interchanged their hearts, the sun had sunk, the birds grown silent, and the star of evening twinkled over the tower of Ducie. The bat and the beetle warned them to return. They rose reluctantly and retraced

their steps to Ducie, with hearts even softer than the melting hour.

"Must we then part?" exclaimed Ferdinand. "Oh! must we part! How can I exist even an instant without your presence, without at least the consciousness of existing under the same roof? Oh! would I were one of your serving-men, to listen to your footstep, to obey your bell, and ever and anon to catch your voice! Oh! now I wish indeed Mr. Temple were here, and then I might be your guest."

"My father!" exclaimed Miss Temple, in a somewhat serious tone. "My poor father! I ought to have written to him to day! Why have I not? Oh! talk not of my father, speak only of yourself."

They stood in silence as they were about to emerge upon the lawn, and then Miss Temple said, "Dear Ferdinand, you must go; indeed you must. Press me not to enter, darling. If you love me, now let us part. I shall retire immediately, that the morning may sooner come. God

bless you, my Ferdinand. May he guard over you, and keep you for ever and ever. Sweet, sweet love, you weep! Indeed you must not; you will drive me mad if you do this. Ferdinand, darling, darling Ferdinand, be good, be kind; for my sake do not this. I love you, sweetest; what can I do more? The time will come we will not part, but now we must. Good night, my Ferdinand; good night, idol of my soul! Nay, if you will, these lips indeed are yours. Promise me you will not remain here. Well then, when the light is out in my chamber, leave Ducie. Promise me this, sweet, and early to-morrow, earlier than you think, I will pay a visit to your cottage. Now, sweet, be good, and to-morrow we will breakfast together. There now!" she added in a gay tone, "you see woman's wit has the advantage." And so without another word she ran away.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH ON THE WHOLE IS FOUND VERY CONSOLING.

The separation of lovers, even with an immediate prospect of union, involves a sentiment of deep melancholy. The re-action of our solitary emotions, after a social impulse of such peculiar excitement, very much disheartens and depresses us. Mutual passion is complete sympathy. Under such an influence there is no feeling so strong, no fancy so delicate, that it is not instantly responded to. Our heart has no secrets, though our life may. Under such an influence, each unconsciously labours to enchant the other; each struggles to maintain the reality of that ideal, which has been reached in a moment of happy inspiration. Then is the season when the

voice is ever soft, the eye ever bright, and every movement of the frame airy and picturesque; each accent is full of tenderness, each glance of affection, each gesture of grace. We live in a heaven of our own creation. All happens that can contribute to our perfect satisfaction, and can ensure our complete self-complacency. We give and we receive felicity. We adore and we are adored. Love is the May-day of the heart.

But a cloud nevertheless will dim the genial lustre of that soft and brilliant sky, when we are alone; when the soft voice no longer sighs, and the bright eye no longer beams, and the form we worship no longer moves before our enraptured vision. Our happiness becomes too much the result of reflection. Our faith is not less devout, but it is not so fervent. We believe in the miracle, but we no longer witness it.

And as the light was extinguished in the chamber of Henrietta Temple, Ferdinand Armine felt for a moment as if his sun had set for ever. There seemed to be now no evidence of

her existence. Would to-morrow ever come? And if it came, would the rosy hours indeed bring her in their radiant car? What, if this night she died? He shuddered at this wild imagination. Yet it might be; such dire calamities had been. And now he felt his life was involved in hers, and that under such circumstances his instant death must complete the catastrophe. There was then much at stake. Had it been yet his glorious privilege that her fair cheek should have found a pillow on his heart; could he have been permitted to have rested without her door but as her guard; even if the same roof at any distance had screened both their heads; such dark conceptions would not perhaps have risen up to torture him; but as it was they haunted him like evil spirits as he took his lonely way over the common to gain his new abode.

Ah! the morning came, and such a morn! Bright as his love! Ferdinand had passed a dreamy night, and when he woke he could not

at first recognise the locality. It was not Armine. Could it be Ducie? As he stretched his limbs and rubbed his eyes, he might be excused for a moment fancying that all the happiness of yesterday was indeed a vision. He was, in truth, sorely perplexed, as he looked around the neat but humble chamber, and caught the first beam of the sun struggling through a casement shadowed by the jessamine. But on his heart there rested a curl of dark and flowing hair, and held together by that very turquoise of which he fancied he had been dreaming. Happy, happy Ferdinand! Why shouldst thou have cares! and may not the course even of thy true love run smooth?

He recks not of the future? What is the future to one so blessed? The sun is up, the lark is singing, the sky is bluer than the love-jewel at his heart. She will be here soon. No gloomy images disturb him now. Cheerfulness is the dowry of the dawn.

Will she indeed be here? Will Henrietta

Temple indeed come to visit him? Will that consummate being before whom, but a few days back, he stood entranced—to whose mind the very idea of his existence had not then even occurred, —will she be here anon to visit him? to visit her beloved! What has he done to be so happy? What fairy has touched him and his dark fortunes with her wand? What talisman does he grasp to call up such bright adventures of existence? He does not err. He is an enchanted being; a spell indeed pervades his frame; he moves in truth in a world of marvels and miracles. For what fairy has a wand like love, what talisman can achieve the deeds of passion?

He quitted the rustic porch, and strolled up the lane that led to Ducie. He started at a sound; it was but the spring of a wandering bird. Then the murmur of a distant wheel turned him pale; and he stopped and leant on a neighbouring gate with a panting heart. Was she at hand? There is not a moment when the

heart palpitates with such delicate suspense as when we await our mistress in the spring days of our passion. Man watching the sun-rise from a mountain, awaits not an incident to him more beautiful, more genial, and more impressive. With her presence it would seem that both light and heat fall at the same time upon our heart: our emotions are warm and sunny, that a moment ago seemed dim and frigid; a thrilling sense of joy pervades our frame; the air is sweeter, and our ears seem to echo with the music of a thousand birds.

The sound of the approaching wheel became more audible; it drew near, nearer; but lost the delicacy that distance lent it. Alas! it did not propel the car of a fairy, or the chariot of a heroine, but a cart, whose taxed springs bowed beneath the portly form of an honest, yeoman who gave Captain Armine a cheerful good-morrow as he jogged by, and flanked his jolly whip with unmerciful dexterity. The loudness of the unexpected salute, the crack of the

echoing thong, shook the fine nerves of a fanciful lover, and Ferdinand looked so confused, that if the honest yeoman had only stopped to observe him, the passenger might have really been excused for mistaking him for a poacher, at the least, by his guilty countenance.

This little worldly interruption broke the wings of Ferdinand's soaring fancy. He fell to earth. Doubt came over him whether Henrietta would indeed come. He was disappointed, and so he became distrustful. He strolled on, however, in the direction of Ducie, yet slowly, as there was more than one road, and to miss each other would have been mortifying. His quick eye was in every quarter; his watchful ear listened in every direction: still she was not seen, and not a sound was heard except the hum of day. He became nervous, agitated, and began to conjure up a crowd of unfortunate incidents.—Perhaps she was ill; that was very bad.—Perhaps her father had suddenly returned. Was that worse? Perhaps something strange had happened.—Perhaps. ———

Why! why does his face turn so pale, and why is his step so suddenly arrested! Ah! Ferdinand Armine, is not thy conscience clear? That pang was sharp. No, no, it is impossible; clearly, absolutely impossible; this is weak indeed. See! he smiles! He smiles at his weakness. He waves his arm as if in contempt. He casts away, with defiance, his idle apprehensions. His step is more assured and the colour returns to his cheek. And yet her father must return. Was he prepared for that occurrence? This was a searching question. It induced a long, dark train of harassing recollections. He stopped to ponder. In what a web of circumstances was he now involved! Howsoever he might act, self-extrication appeared impossible. Perfect candour to Miss Temple might be the destruction of her love; even modified to her father, would certainly produce his banishment from Ducie. As the betrothed of Miss Grandison, Miss Temple would abjure him; as the lover of Miss Temple, under any circumstances,

Mr. Temple would reject him. In what light would he appear to Henrietta were he to dare to reveal the truth? Would she not look upon him as the unresisting libertine of the hour, engaging in levity her heart, as he had already trifled with another's? For that absorbing and overwhelming passion, pure, primitive, and profound, to which she now responded with an enthusiasm as fresh, as ardent, and as immaculate; she would only recognise the fleeting fancy of a vain and worldly spirit, eager to add another triumph to a long list of conquests, and proud of another evidence of his irresistible influence. What security was there for her that she too should not in turn be forgotten for another? that another eye should not shine brighter than hers, and another voice sound to his ear with a sweeter tone? Oh, no! he dared not disturb and sully the bright flow of his present existence; he shrank from the fatal word that would dissolve the spell that enchanted them, and introduce all the calculating cares

of a harsh world into the thoughtless Eden in which they now wandered. And, for her father, even if the sad engagement with Miss Grandison did not exist, with what front could Ferdinand solicit the hand of his daughter? What prospect could he hold out of worldly prosperity to the anxious consideration of a parent? Was he himself independent? Was he not worse than a beggar? Could he refer Mr. Temple to Sir Ratcliffe? Alas! it would be an insult to both! In the meantime, every hour, Mr. Temple might return, or something reach the ear of Henrietta fatal to all his aspirations. Armine with all its cares, Bath with all its hopes; his melancholy father, his fond and sanguine mother, the tender hearted Katherine, the devoted Glastonbury, all rose up before him, and crowded on his tortured imagination. In the agony of his mind he wished himself alone in the world: he sighed for some earthquake to swallow up Armine and all its fatal fortunes; and as for those parents, so affectionate and

virtuous, and to whom he had hitherto been so dutiful and devoted, he turned from their idea with a sensation of weariness, almost of hatred.

He sat down on the trunk of a tree and buried his face with his hands. His reverie had lasted some time, when a gentle sound disturbed him. He looked up; it was Henrietta. She had driven over the common in her pony-chaise, and unattended. She was but a few steps from him; and as he looked up, he caught her fond smile. He sprang from his seat; he was at her side in an instant; his heart beat so tumultuously, that he could not speak; all dark thoughts were forgotten; he seized with a trembling touch her extended hand, and gazed upon her with a glance of extasy. For, indeed, she looked so beautiful, that it seemed to him he had never before done justice to her surpassing loveliness. There was a bloom upon her cheek, as upon some choice and delicate fruit; her violet eyes sparkled like gems; while the dimples played and quivered on her cheeks, as you may

sometimes watch the sunbeam on the pure surface of fair water. Her countenance, indeed, was wreathed with smiles. She seemed the happiest thing on earth; the very personification of a poetic spring; lively, and fresh, and innocent; sparkling, and sweet, and soft. When he beheld her, Ferdinand was reminded of some gay bird, or airy antelope; she looked so bright and joyous!

"He is to get in," said Henrietta, with a smile, "and drive her to their cottage. Have I not managed well to come alone. We shall have such a charming drive to-day."

"You are so beautiful!" murmured Ferdinand.

"I am content if you but think so. You did not hear me approach? What were you doing? Plunged in meditation? Now tell me truly, were you thinking of her?"

"Indeed, I have no other thought. Oh, my Henrietta! you are so beautiful to-day. I cannot talk of anything but your beauty."

"And how did you sleep? Are you comfortable? I must see your room. I have brought you some flowers to make it look pretty."

They soon reached the farm-house. The good-wife seemed a little surprised when she observed her guest driving Miss Temple, but far more pleased. Henrietta ran into the house to see the children, spoke some kind words to the little maiden, and asked if their guest had breakfasted. Then, turning to Ferdinand, she said, "Have you forgot that you are to give me a breakfast? It shall be in the porch. Is it not sweet and pretty? See, here are your flowers, and I have brought you some fruit."

The breakfast was arranged. Miss Temple made tea for Ferdinand, and prepared everything for him. "But you do not play your part, sweet Henrietta," he said; "I cannot breakfast alone."

She affected to share his repast, that he might partake of it; but, in truth, she only busied

herself in arranging the flowers. Yet she conducted herself with so much dexterity, that Ferdinand had the opportunity of gratifying his appetite, without being placed in a position, awkward at all times, insufferable for a lover, that of eating in the presence of others who do not join you in the occupation.

"Now," she suddenly said, sitting by his side, and placing a rose in his dress, "I have a little plan to-day, which I think will be quite delightful. You shall drive her to Armine."

Ferdinand started. He thought of Glastonbury. His miserable situation recurred to him. This was the bitter drop in the cup; yes! in the very plenitude of his rare felicity he experienced a pang. His confusion was not unobserved by Miss Temple; for she was very quick in her perception; but she could not comprehend it. It did not rest on her mind, particularly when Ferdinand assented to her proposition, but added, "I forgot that Armine is more interesting to you than to me. All my

associations with Armine are painful. Ducie is my delight."

"Ah! my romance is at Armine; yours at Ducie. What we live among, we do not always value. And yet I love my home," she added, in a somewhat subdued, even serious tone; "all my associations with Ducie are sweet and pleasant. Will they always be so?"

She hit upon a key to which the passing thoughts of Ferdinand too completely responded; but he restrained the mood of his mind. As she grew grave, he affected cheerfulness. "My Henrietta must always be happy," he said, "at least, if her Ferdinand's love can make her so."

She did not reply, but she pressed his hand. Then, after a moment's silence, she said, "My Ferdinand must not be low-spirited about dear Armine. I have confidence in our destiny, sweet; I see a happy, a very happy future."

Who could resist so fair a prophet? Not the sanguine mind of the enamoured Ferdinand

Armine. He drank inspiration from her smiles, and dwelt with delight on the tender accents of her animating sympathy. "I never shall be low-spirited with you, my beloved," he replied; "you are my good genius. Oh, Henrietta! what heaven it is to be together!"

"Darling! I bless you for these words. We will not go to Armine to-day. Let us walk. And to speak the truth—for I am not ashamed of saying anything to you—it would be hardly discreet, perhaps, to be driving about the country in this guise. And yet," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "what care I for what people say? Oh! Ferdinand, I think only of you!"

That was a delicious ramble which these young and enamoured creatures took that sunny morn! The air was sweet, the earth was beautiful, and yet they were insensible to everything but their mutual love. Inexhaustible is the converse of fond hearts! A simple story, too, and yet there are so many ways of telling it!

" How strange that we should have ever met ! " said Henrietta Temple.

" Indeed, I think it most natural," said Ferdinand, " I will believe it the fulfilment of a happy destiny. For all that I have sighed for now I meet, and more, much more than my imagination could ever hope for ! "

" Only think of that morning drive," resumed Henrietta, " such a little time ago, and yet it seems an age ! Let us believe in destiny, sweet Ferdinand, or you must think of me, I fear, that which I would not wish."

" My darling, darling Henrietta, I can think of you only as the noblest and the sweetest of beings. My love is ever equalled by my gratitude ! "

" Sweet Ferdinand, I had read of such feelings, but did not believe in them. I did not believe, at least, that they were reserved for me. And yet I have met many persons, and seen something, more, much more than falls to the lot of women of my age. Believe me, indeed, my

Ferdinand, my eye has hitherto been undazzled, and my heart untouched."

He pressed her hand.

"And then," she resumed, "in a moment—but it seemed not like common life. That beautiful wilderness, that ruinous castle! As I gazed around me, I felt not as is my custom. I felt as if some fate were impending, as if my life and lot were bound up, as it were, with that strange and silent scene. And then he came forward, and I beheld him—so unlike all other men—so beautiful, so pensive! Oh! my Ferdinand, pardon me for loving you!" and she gently turned her head, and hid her face on his breast.

"Darling, darling Henrietta," lowly breathed the enraptured lover, "best, and sweetest, and loveliest of women, your Ferdinand, at that moment, was not less moved than you were. Speechless and pale I had watched my Henrietta, and I felt that I beheld the being to whom I must dedicate my existence."

"Oh! I shall never forget the moment when

I stood before the portrait of Sir Ferdinand, and recognised my child. Do you know my heart was prophetic; I wanted not that confirmation of a strange conjecture. I felt that you must be an Armine. I had heard so much of your grandfather, so much of your family. I loved them for their glory, and for their lordly sorrows."

"Ah! my Henrietta, 'tis that alone that galls me. It is bitter to introduce my bride to our house of cares."

"You shall never think it so," she replied with animation. "I will prove a true Armine. Happier in the honour of that name, than in the most rich possessions! Oh! my Ferdinand, you do not know me yet. Your wife shall not disgrace you or your lineage. I have a spirit worthy of you, Ferdinand; at least, I dare to hope so. I can break, but I will not bend. We will wrestle together with all our cares; and my Ferdinand, animated by his Henrietta, shall restore the house.

"Alas! my noble-minded girl, I fear a severe trial awaits us. I can offer you only love."

"Is there anything else in this world?"

"But, to bear you from a roof of luxury, where you have been cherished from your cradle, with all that ministers to the delicate delights of woman, to—Oh! my Henrietta, you know not the disheartening and depressing burthen of domestic cares." His voice faltered as he recalled his melancholy father; and the disappointment, perhaps the destruction, that his passion was preparing for his roof.

"There shall be no cares, my Ferdinand; I will endure everything; I will animate all. I have energy; indeed I have, my Ferdinand. I have, young as I may be, I have often inspirited, often urged on my father. Sometimes, he says, that had it not been for me, he would not have been what he is. He is my father, the best and kindest parent that ever loved his child; yet, what are fathers to you, my Ferdinand;

and, if I could assist him, what may I not do for—"

"Alas! my Henrietta, we have no theatre for action. You forget our creed."

"It was the great Sir Ferdinand's. He made a theatre."

"My Henrietta is ambitious," said Ferdinand, smiling.

"Dearest, I would be content—nay! that is a weak phrase—I would, if the choice were in my power now to select a life most grateful to my views and feelings, choose some delightful solitude, even as Armine, and pass existence with no other aim but to delight my Ferdinand. But we were speaking of other circumstances. Such happiness, it is said, is not for us. And I wished to show you that I have a spirit that can struggle with adversity, and a soul prescient of overwhelming it."

"You have a spirit I reverence, and a soul I worship, nor is there a happier being in the world this moment than Ferdinand Armine. With

such a woman as you every fate must be a triumph. You have touched, my darling, upon a chord of my heart that has sounded before, though in solitude. It was but the wind that played on it before ; but now that tone rings with a purpose. This is glorious sympathy. Let us leave Armine to its fate. I have a sword, and it shall go hard if I do not carve out a destiny worthy even of Henrietta Temple."

CHAPTER IV.

HENRIETTA VISITS ARMINE, WHICH LEADS TO A RATHER PERPLEXING ENCOUNTER.

The communion of this day, of the spirit of which the conversation just noticed may convey an intimation, produced a very inspiriting effect on the mind of Ferdinand. Love is inspiration; it encourages to great deeds, and developes the creative faculty of our nature. Few great men have flourished, who, were they to be candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman. It is woman whose prescient admiration strings the lyre of the desponding poet, whose genius is afterwards to be recognised by his race, and which often embalms the memory

of the gentle mistress whose kindness solaced him in less glorious hours. How many an official portfolio would never have been carried, had not it been for her sanguine spirit and assiduous love! How many a depressed and despairing advocate has clutched the great seal, and taken his precedence before princes, borne onward by the breeze of her inspiring hope, and illumined by the sunshine of her prophetic smile! A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse, few men can succeed in life—noné be content.

The plans and aspirations of Henrietta Temple had relieved Ferdinand from a depressing burthen. Inspired by her creative sympathy, a new scene opened to him, adorned by a magnificent perspective. His sanguine imagination sought refuge in a triumphant future. That love, for which he had hitherto schooled his mind to sacrifice every worldly advantage, appeared suddenly to be transformed

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

into the very source of earthly success. Henrietta Temple was to be the fountain, not only of his bliss, but of his prosperity. In the revel of his audacious fancy he seemed, as it were, by a beautiful retribution, to be already rewarded for having devoted, with such unhesitating readiness, his heart upon the altar of disinterested affection. Lying on his cottage-couch, he indulged in dazzling visions; he wandered in strange lands with his beautiful companion, and offered at her feet the quick rewards of his unparalleled achievements.

Recurring to his immediate situation, he resolved to lose no time in bringing his affairs to a crisis. He was even working himself up to his instant departure, solaced by the certainty of his immediate return, when the arrival of his servant announced to him that Glastonbury had quitted Armine on one of those antiquarian rambles to which he was accustomed. Gratified that it was now in his power to comply with the wish of Henrietta to visit his home, and perhaps,

in truth, not very much mortified that so reasonable an excuse had arisen for the postponement of his intended departure, Ferdinand instantly rose, and as speedily as possible took his way to Ducie.

He found Henrietta in the garden. He had arrived, perhaps, earlier than he was expected; yet what joy to see him. And, when he himself proposed an excursion to Armine, her grateful smile melted his very heart. Indeed, Ferdinand this morning was so gay and light-hearted, that his excessive merriment might almost have been as suspicious as his passing gloom the previous day. Not less tender and fond than before, his sportive fancy indulged in infinite expressions of playful humour and delicate pranks of love. When he first recognised her, gathering a nosegay, too, for him, himself unobserved, he stole behind her on tiptoe, and suddenly clasping her delicate waist, and raising her gently in the air, "Well, lady-bird," he exclaimed, "I too will pluck a flower!"

Ah! when she turned round her beautiful face, full of charming confusion, and uttered a faint cry of fond astonishment, as she caught his bright glance, what happiness was Ferdinand Armine's as he felt this enchanting creature was his, and pressed to his bosom her noble and throbbing form!

"Perhaps, this time next year, we may be travelling on mules, love," said Ferdinand, as he flourished his whip, and the little pony trotted along. Henrietta smiled. "And then," continued he, "we shall remember our pony-chaise, that we turn up our noses at now. Donna Henrietta, jogged to death over dull vegas, and picking her way across rocky sierras, will be a very different person to Miss Temple, of Ducie Bower. I hope you will not be very irritable, my child; and pray vent your spleen upon your muleteer, and not upon your husband."

"Now, Ferdinand, how can you be so ridiculous?"

"Oh! I have no doubt I shall have to bear all the blame. 'You brought me here,' it will be, 'ungrateful man is this your love? not even post-horses!'"

"As for that," said Henrietta, "perhaps we shall have to walk. I can fancy ourselves—you with an Andalusian jacket, a long gun, and, I fear, a cigar; and I with all the baggage."

"Children and all," added Ferdinand.

Miss Temple looked somewhat demure, turned away her face a little, but said nothing.

"But what think you of Vienna, sweetest?" inquired Ferdinand in a more serious tone; "upon my honour I think we might do great things there. A regiment and a chamberlainship at the least!"

"In mountains or in cities I shall be alike content, provided Ferdinand be my companion," replied Miss Temple.

Ferdinand let go the reins, and dropped his whip. "My darling, darling Henrietta," he

exclaimed, looking in her face, "what an angel you are!"

This visit to Armine was so delightful to Miss Temple,—she experienced so much gratification in wandering about the park and over the old castle, and gazing on Glastonbury's tower, and wondering when she should see him, and talking to her Ferdinand about every member of his family,—that Captain Armine, unable to withstand the irresistible current, postponed from day to day his decisive visit to Bath, and, confident in the future, would not permit his soul to be the least daunted by any possible conjuncture of ill fortune. A week, a whole happy week glided away, and spent almost entirely at Armine. Their presence there was scarcely noticed by the single female servant who remained; and, if her curiosity had been excited, she possessed no power of communicating it into Somersetshire. Besides, she was unaware that her young master was nominally in London. Sometimes

an hour was snatched by Henrietta from roaming in the pleasaunce, and interchanging vows of mutual love and admiration, to the picture gallery, where she had already commenced a miniature copy of the portrait of the great Sir Ferdinand. As the sun set they departed in their little equipage. Ferdinand wrapped his Henrietta in his fur cloak, for the autumn dews began to rise, and, thus protected, the journey of ten miles was ever found too short. It is the habit of lovers, however innocent their passion, to grow every day less discreet; for every day their almost constant companionship becomes more a necessity. Miss Temple had almost unconsciously contrived at first that Captain Armine, in the absence of her father, should not be observed too often at Ducie; but now Ferdinand drove her home every evening, and drank tea at the Bower, and the evening closed with music and song. Each night he crossed over the common to his farm-house more fondly and devotedly in love.

One morning at Armine, Henrietta being alone in the gallery busied with her drawing, Ferdinand having left her for a moment to execute some slight commission for her, she heard some one enter, and, looking up to catch his glance of love, she beheld a venerable man, of a very mild and benignant appearance, and dressed in black, standing, as if a little surprised, at some distance. Herself not less confused, she nevertheless bowed, and the gentleman advanced with hesitation, and with a faint blush returned her salute, and apologised for his intrusion. "He thought Captain Armine might be there."

"He was here but this moment," replied Miss Temple; "and doubtless will instantly return." Then she turned to her drawing with a trembling hand.

"I perceive, madam," said the gentleman, advancing and speaking in a very soft and engaging tone, while looking at her labour with a mingled air of diffidence and admiration, "that you are a very fine artist."

"My wish to excel may have assisted my performance," replied Miss Temple.

"You are copying the portrait of a very extraordinary personage," said the stranger.

"Do you think that it is like Captain Armine?" inquired Miss Temple with some hesitation.

"It is always so considered," replied the stranger.

Henrietta's hand faltered; she looked at the door of the gallery, then at the portrait; never was she yet so anxious for the reappearance of Ferdinand. There was a silence which she was compelled to break, for the stranger was both mute and motionless, and scarcely more assured than herself.

"Captain Armine will be here immediately, I have no doubt."

The stranger bowed. "If I might presume to criticise so finished a performance," he remarked, "I should say that you had conveyed, madam, a more youthful character than the original presents."

Henrietta did not venture to confess that such was her intention. She looked again at the door, mixed some colour, then cleared it immediately off her pallette. "What a beautiful gallery is this!" she exclaimed, as she changed her brush, which was, however, without a fault.

"It is worthy of Armine," said the stranger.

"Indeed there is no place so interesting," said Miss Temple.

"It pleases me to hear it praised," said the stranger.

"You are well acquainted with it?" inquired Miss Temple.

"I have the happiness to live here," said the stranger.

"I am not then mistaken in believing that I speak to Mr. Glastonbury."

"Indeed, madam, that is my name," replied the gentleman; "I fancy we have often heard of each other. This is a most unexpected meeting, madam, but for that reason not less delightful. I have myself just returned from a

ramble of some days, and entered the gallery little aware that the family had arrived. You met, I suppose, my Ferdinand on the road. Ah! you wonder, perhaps, at my familiar expression, madam. He has been my Ferdinand so many years, that I cannot easily school myself no longer to style him so. But I am aware that there are now other claims —— ."

" My dearest Glastonbury," exclaimed Ferdinand Armine, starting as he re-entered the gallery, and truly in as great a fright as a man could well be, who perhaps, but a few hours ago, was to conquer in Spain or Germany. At the same time, pale and eager, and talking with excited rapidity, he embraced his tutor, and scrutinised the countenance of Henrietta to ascertain whether his fatal secret had been discovered. That countenance was fond, and, if not calm, not more confused than the unexpected appearance under the circumstances might account for. " You have often heard me mention Mr. Glastonbury," he said, addressing himself to Hen-

rietta. "Let me now have the pleasure of making you acquainted. My oldest, my best friend, my second father—an admirable artist, too, I can assure you. He is qualified to decide even upon your skill. And when did you arrive, my dearest friend? and where have you been? Our old haunts, our old haunts? Many sketches, many sketches? What abbey have you explored, what antique treasures have you discovered? I have such a fine addition for your herbal! The Barbary cactus, just what you wanted; I found it in my volume of Shelley; and beautifully dried—beautifully; it will quite charm you. What do you think of this drawing? Is it not beautiful? quite the character, is it not?" Ferdinand paused for lack of breath.

"I was just observing as you entered," said Glastonbury, very quietly, "to Miss ——

"I have several letters for you," said Ferdinand, interrupting him, and trembling from head to foot lest he might say Miss *Grandison*. "Do you know you are just the person I wanted to see?

How fortunate that you should just arrive! I was so annoyed to find you were away. I cannot tell you how much I was annoyed."

"Your dear parents?" inquired Glastonbury.

"Are quite well," said Ferdinand, "perfectly well. They will be so glad to see you—so very glad. They do so long to see you, my dearest Glastonbury. You cannot imagine how they long to see you."

"I shall find them within, think you?" inquired Glastonbury.

"Oh! they are not here," said Ferdinand; "they have not yet arrived. I expect them every day.—Every day I expect them.—I have prepared everything for them—everything.—What a wonderful autumn it has been!"

And Glastonbury fell into the lure, and talked about the weather, for he was learned in the seasons, and prophesied by many circumstances a hard winter. While he was thus conversing, Ferdinand extracted from Henrietta that Glastonbury had not been in the gallery more than a

very few minutes; and he felt assured that nothing very fatal had transpired. All this time Ferdinand was reviewing his painful situation with desperate rapidity and prescience. All that he aspired to now was that Henrietta should quit Armine in as happy ignorance as she had arrived: as for Glastonbury, Ferdinand cared not what he might suspect, or ultimately discover. These were future evils, that subsided into insignificance compared with any discovery on the part of Miss Temple.

Comparatively composed, Ferdinand now suggested to Henrietta to quit her drawing, which, indeed, was so advanced, that it might be finished at Ducie; and, never leaving her side, and watching every look, and hanging on every accent of his old tutor, he even ventured to suggest that they should visit the tower. The proposal, he thought, might lull any suspicion that might have been excited on the part of Miss Temple. Glastonbury expressed his gratification at the suggestion, and they quitted

the gallery, and entered the avenue of beech-trees.

"I have heard so much of your tower, Mr. Glastonbury," said Miss Temple, "I am sensible, I assure you, of the honour of being admitted."

The extreme delicacy that was a characteristic of Glastonbury preserved Ferdinand Armine from the dreaded danger. It never for an instant entered Glastonbury's mind that Henrietta was not Miss Grandison; he thought it a little extraordinary, indeed, that she should arrive at Armine only in the company of Ferdinand; but much might be allowed to plighted lovers; besides, there might be some female companion, some aunt or cousin, for aught he knew, at the Place. It was only his parents that Ferdinand had said had not yet arrived. At all events, he felt at this moment that Ferdinand, perhaps, even because he was alone with his intended bride, had no desire that any formal introduction or congratulations should take place, and only

pleased that the intended wife of his pupil should be one so beautiful, so gifted, and so gracious, one apparently so worthy in every way of his choice and her lot, Glastonbury relapsed into his accustomed ease and simplicity, and exerted himself to amuse the young lady with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted, and with whom, in all probability, it was his destiny in future to be so intimate. As for Henrietta, nothing had occurred in any way to give rise to the slightest suspicion in her mind. The agitation of Ferdinand at this unexpected meeting between his tutor and his betrothed was in every respect natural. Their engagement, as she knew, was at present a secret to all; and although, under such circumstances, she herself at first was disposed not to feel very much at her ease, still she was so well acquainted with Mr. Glastonbury from report, and he was so unlike the common characters of the censorious world, that she was, from the first, far less annoyed than she otherwise would have been,

and soon regained her usual composure, and was even gratified and amused with the adventure.

A load, however, fell from the heart of Ferdinand, when he and his beloved bade Glastonbury a good afternoon. This accidental, and almost fatal interview, terribly reminded him of his difficult and dangerous position; it seemed the commencement of a series of misconceptions, mortifications, and misfortunes, which it was absolutely necessary to prevent by instantly arresting them with the utmost energy and decision. It was bitter to quit Armine and all his joys, but in truth the arrival of his family was very doubtful; and, until the confession of his real situation was made, every day might bring some disastrous discovery. Some ominous clouds in the horizon formed a capital excuse for hurrying Henrietta off to Ducie. They quitted Armine at an unusually early hour. As they drove along, Ferdinand revolved in his mind the adventure of the morning, and endeavoured to stimulate himself to the exertion of instantly

repairing to Bath. But he had not courage to confide his purpose to Henrietta. When, however, they arrived at Ducie, they were welcomed with intelligence which rendered the decision, on his part, absolutely necessary. But we will reserve this for the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH CONTAINS SOMETHING VERY UNEXPECTED.

Miss Temple had run up stairs to take off her bonnet; Ferdinand stood before the wood fire in the saloon. Its clear and fragrant flame was agreeable after the cloudy sky of their somewhat chill drive. He was musing over the charms of his Henrietta, and longing for her reappearance, when she entered; but her entrance filled him with alarm. She was very pale, her lips nearly as white as her forehead. An expression of dread was impressed on her agitated countenance. Ere he could speak she held forth her hand to his extended grasp.—It was cold, it trembled.

"Good God! my sweetest, you are ill!" he exclaimed.

"No!" she faintly murmured, "not ill." And then she paused, as if stifled, leaning down her head with eyes fixed upon the ground.

The conscience of Ferdinand pricked him. Had she heard ——

But he was reassured by her accents of kindness. "Pardon me, dearest," she said; "I am agitated—I shall soon be better."

He held her hand with firmness while she leant upon his shoulder. After a few minutes of harrowing silence, she said in a smothered voice, "Papa returns to-morrow."

Ferdinand turned as pale as she; the blood fled to his heart, his frame trembled, his knees tottered, his passive hand scarcely retained hers; he could not speak. All the possible results of this return flashed across his mind, and presented themselves, in terrible array, to his alarmed imagination. He could not meet Mr. Temple,—that was out of the question. Some explanation must immediately and inevitably ensue, and that must precipitate the fatal

discovery. The great object was to prevent any communication between Mr. Temple and Sir Ratcliffe before Ferdinand had broken his situation to his father. How he now wished he had not postponed his departure for Bath! Had he only quitted Armine when first convinced of the hard necessity, the harrowing future would now have been the past; the impending scenes, however dreadful, would have ensued; perhaps he might have been at Ducie at this moment, with a clear conscience and a frank purpose, and with no difficulties to overcome but those which must necessarily arise from Mr. Temple's natural consideration for the welfare of his child. These, however difficult to combat, seemed light in comparison with the perplexities of his involved situation. Ferdinand bore Henrietta to a seat, and hung over her in agitated silence, which she ascribed only to his sympathy for her distress, but which, in truth, was rather to be attributed to his own uncertain purpose, and to the confusion of an invention which he now ransacked for desperate expedients.

While he was thus revolving in his mind the course which he must now pursue, he sat down on the ottoman on which her feet rested, and pressed her hand to his lips while he summoned to his aid all the resources of his imagination. It at length appeared to him that the only mode by which he could now gain time, and secure himself from dangerous explanations, was to involve Henrietta in a secret engagement. There was great difficulty, he was aware, in accomplishing this purpose. Miss Temple was devoted to her father; and though for a moment led áway, by the omnipotent influence of an irresistible passion, to enter into a compact without the sanction of her parent, her present agitation too clearly indicated her keen sense that she had not conducted herself towards him in her accustomed spirit of unswerving and immaculate duty; that, if not absolutely indelicate, her behaviour must appear to him very inconsiderate, very rash, perhaps even unfeeling. Unfeeling! What—to that father, that fond and widowed father, of whom she was the only and cherished child! All his

goodness, all his unceasing care, all his anxiety, his ready sympathy, his watchfulness for her amusement, her comfort, her happiness, his vigilance in her hours of sickness, his pride in her beauty, her accomplishments, her affection, the smiles and tears of long, long years—all passed before her—till at last she released herself with a quick movement from the hold of Ferdinand, and, clasping her hands together, burst into a sigh so bitter, so profound, so full of anguish, that Ferdinand started from his seat.

"Henrietta!" he exclaimed, "my beloved Henrietta!"

"Leave me," she replied, in a tone almost of sternness.

He rose and walked up and down the room, overpowered by contending emotions. The severity of her voice, that voice that hitherto had fallen upon his ear like the warble of a summer bird, filled him with consternation. The idea of having offended her, of having seriously

offended her—of being to her, to Henrietta, his Henrietta, that divinity to whom his idolatrous fancy clung with such rapturous devotion, in whose very smiles and accents it is no exaggeration to say he lived and had his being—the idea of being to her, even for a transient moment, an object of repugnance, seemed something too terrible for thought, too intolerable for existence. All his troubles, all his cares, all his impending sorrows, vanished into thin air compared with this unforeseen and sudden visitation. Oh! what was future evil, what was to-morrow, pregnant as it might be with misery, compared with the quick agony of the instant? As long as she smiled, every difficulty appeared surmountable; as long as he could listen to her accents of tenderness, there was no dispensation with which he could not struggle. Come what, come may, throned in the palace of her heart, he was a sovereign who might defy the world in arms; but, thrust from that great seat, he was a fugitive without a hope, an aim, a desire; dull, timid, exhausted, broken-hearted!

And she had bid him leave her. Leave her! Henrietta Temple had bid him leave her! Did he live? Was this the same world in which a few hours back he breathed, and blessed his God for breathing? What had happened? What strange event, what miracle had occurred, to work this awful, this portentous change? Why, if she had known all, if she had suddenly shared that sharp and perpetual woe ever gnawing at his own secret heart, even amid his joys; if he had revealed to her, if any one had betrayed to her his distressing secret, could she have said more? Why! it was to shun this, it was to spare himself this horrible catastrophe, that he had involved himself in his agonising, his inextricable difficulties. Inextricable they must be now; for where, now, was the inspiration that before was to animate him to such great exploits? How could he struggle any longer with his fate? How could he now carve out a destiny? All that remained for him now was to die; and, in the madness of his sensations, death

seemed to him the most desirable consummation.

The temper of a lover is exquisitely sensitive. Mortified and miserable, at any other time Ferdinand, in a fit of harassed love and irritable devotion, might have instantly quitted the presence of a mistress who had treated him with such unexpected and such undeserved harshness. But the thought of the morrow—the mournful conviction that this was the last opportunity for their undisturbed communion—the recollection that, at all events, their temporary separation was impending; all these considerations had checked his first impulse. Besides, it must not be concealed that more than once it occurred to him that it was utterly impossible to permit Henrietta to meet her father in her present mood. With her determined spirit and strong emotions, and her difficulty of concealing her feelings; smarting, too, under the consciousness of having parted with Ferdinand in anger, and of having treated him with injustice; and,

therefore, doubly anxious to bring affairs to a crisis, a scene in all probability would instantly ensue; and Ferdinand recoiled at present from the consequences of any explanations.

Unhappy Ferdinand! It seemed to him that he had never known misery before. He wrung his hands in despair—his mind seemed to desert him. Suddenly he stopped—he looked at Henrietta;—her face was still pale, her eyes fixed upon the decaying embers of the fire, her attitude unchanged. Either she was unconscious of his presence, or she did not choose to recognise it. What were her thoughts?

Still of her father? Perhaps she contrasted that fond and faithful friend of her existence, to whom she owed such an incalculable debt of gratitude, with the acquaintance of the hour, to whom, in a moment of insanity, she had pledged the love that could alone repay it. Perhaps, in the spirit of self-torment, she conjured up against this too successful stranger all the menacing spectres of suspicion, distrust, and deceit; re-

called to her recollection the too just and too frequent tales of man's impurity and ingratitude; and tortured herself by her own apparition, the merited victim of his harshness, his neglect, or his desertion. And when she had at the same time both shocked and alarmed her fancy by these distressful and degrading images, exhausted by these imaginary vexations, and eager for consolation in her dark despondency, she may have recurred to the yet innocent cause of her sorrow and apprehension, and perhaps accused herself of cruelty and injustice for visiting on his head the mere consequences of her own fitful and morbid temper. She may have recalled his unvarying tenderness, his unceasing admiration; she may have recollected those impassioned accents that thrilled her heart, those glances of rapturous affection that fixed her eye with fascination. She may have conjured up that form over which of late she had mused in a trance of love—that form bright with so much beauty, beaming with so many graces, adorned

with so much intelligence, and hallowed by every romantic association that could melt the heart or mould the spirit of woman ; she may have conjured up this form, that was the god of her idolatry, and rushed again to the altar in an ecstacy of devotion.

The shades of evening were fast descending—the curtains of the chamber were not closed—the blaze of the fire had died away. The flickering light fell upon the solemn countenance of Henrietta Temple, now buried in the shade, now transiently illumined by the fitful flame.

On a sudden he advanced, with a step too light even to be heard, knelt at her side, and, not venturing to touch her hand, pressed his lips to her arm, and with streaming eyes, and in a tone of plaintive tenderness, murmured " What have I done ?"

She turned—her eyes met his—a wild expression of fear, surprise, delight, played over her countenance ; then, bursting into tears, she threw her arms round his neck, and hid her face upon his breast.

He did not disturb this effusion of her suppressed emotions. His throbbing heart responded to her tumultuous soul. At length, when the strength of her passionate affections had somewhat decreased—when the convulsive sobs had subsided into gentle sighs, and ever and anon he felt the pressure of her sweet lips sealing her remorseful love and her charming repentance upon his bosom—he dared to say, "Oh! my Henrietta, you did not doubt your Ferdinand?"

"Darling, beloved, dearest, sweetest Ferdinand, you are too good, too kind, too faultless—and I am very wicked."

He raised himself gently from her side, bearing up her form at the same time, and contrived, with one arm round her waist, to place himself in her chair, and seat her on his knee. Then taking her hand and covering it with kisses, while her head rested on his shoulder, he said in a distinct but very low voice, "Now tell me, darling, why were you unhappy?"

"Papa," sighed Henrietta, "dearest papa,

that the day should come when I should grieve to meet him!"

"And why should my darling grieve?" said Ferdinand.

"I know not; I ask myself what have I done? what have I to fear? It is no crime to love; it may be a misfortune — God knows I have almost felt to-night that such it was. But no, I never will believe it can be either wrong or unhappy to love you."

"Bless you, my sweetest, for such sweet words," replied Ferdinand. "If my heart can make you happy, felicity should be your lot."

"It is my lot. I am happy, quite happy, and grateful for my happiness."

"And your father, our father let me call him (she pressed his hand when he said this), he will be happy too?"

"So I would hope."

"If the fulfilment of my duty can content him," continued Ferdinand, "Mr. Temple shall not repent his son-in-law."

"Oh! do not call him Mr. Temple; call him father. I love to hear you call him father."

"Then what alarms my child?"

"I hardly know," said Henrietta in a hesitating tone. "I think, I think it is the suddenness of all this. He has gone—he comes again; he went—he returns; and all has happened. So short a time, too, Ferdinand. It is a life to us; to him, I fear," and she smiled and hid her face, "it is only ——a fortnight."

"We have seen more of each other, and known more of each other, in this fortnight, than we might have in an acquaintance which had continued a life."

"'Tis true—'tis very true. We feel this, Ferdinand, because we know it. But papa will not feel like us: we cannot expect him to feel like us. He does not know my Ferdinand as I know him. Papa, too, though the dearest, kindest, fondest father that ever lived, though he has no thought but for my happiness, and lives

only for his daughter, papa naturally is not as young as we are. He is, too, what is called a man of the world. He has seen a great deal—he has formed his opinions on men and life. We cannot expect that he will change them in your, I mean in our, favour. Men of the world are of the world, worldly. I do not think they are always right—I do not myself believe in their infallibility. There is no person more clever and more judicious than papa. No person is more considered. But there are characters so rare, that men of the world do not admit them into their general calculations—and such is my Ferdinand's."

Her Ferdinand seemed plunged in thought, but he pressed her hand, though he said nothing.

"He will think we have known each other too short a time," continued Miss Temple. "He will be mortified, perhaps alarmed, when I inform him I am no longer his."

"Then do not inform him," said Ferdinand.

She started.

"Let me inform him," continued Ferdinand, giving another turn to his meaning, and watching her countenance with an unfaltering eye.

"Dearest Ferdinand—always prepared to bear every burthen!" exclaimed Miss Temple. "How generous and good you are! No, it would be better for me to speak first to my father. My soul, I will never have a secret from you, and you, I am sure, will never have one from your Henrietta. This is the truth: I do not repent the past, I glory in it; I am yours, and I am proud to be yours. Were the past to be again acted, I would not falter. But I cannot conceal from myself that, as far as my father is concerned, I have not conducted myself towards him with frankness, with respect, or with kindness. There is no fault in loving you. Even were he to regret, he could not blame such an occurrence: but he will regret, he will blame, he has a right both to regret and blame, my doing more than love you: my engagement,

without his advice, his sanction, his knowledge, or even his suspicion!"

"You take too refined a view of our situation, sweet Henrietta," replied Ferdinand. "Why should you not spare your father the pain of such a communication, if painful it would be? What has passed is between ourselves, and ought to be between ourselves. If I request his permission to offer you my hand, and he yields his consent, is not that ceremony enough?"

"I have never concealed any thing from papa," said Henrietta, "but I will be guided by you."

"Leave, then, all to me," said Ferdinand; "be guided but by the judgment of your own Ferdinand, my sweet Henrietta, and believe me all will go right. I will break this intelligence to your father. So we will settle it?" he continued inquiringly.

"It shall be so."

"Then arises the question," said Ferdinand, "when it would be most advisable for me to

make the communication. Now, your father, Henrietta, who is a man of the world, will of course expect that, when I do make it, I shall be prepared to speak definitely to him upon all matters of business. He will think, otherwise, that I am trifling with him. To go and request of a man like your father, a shrewd, experienced man of the world, like Mr. Temple, permission to marry his daughter, without showing to him that I am prepared with the means of maintaining a family, is little short of madness. He would be offended with me; he would be prejudiced against me. I must, therefore, settle something first with Sir Ratcliffe. Much, you know, unfortunately, I cannot offer your father; but still, sweet love, there must at least be an appearance of providence and management. We must not disgust your father with our match."

"Oh! how can he be disgusted with my Ferdinand!"

"Darling! This, then, is what I propose—

that, as to-morrow we must comparatively be separated, I should take advantage of the next few days, and rush to Bath, and bring affairs to some arrangement. Until my return I would advise you to say nothing to your father."

"Oh! how can I live under the same roof with him, under such circumstances?" exclaimed Miss Temple; "how can I meet his eye—how can I speak to him, with the consciousness of a secret engagement, with the recollection that, all the time he is lavishing his affection upon me, my heart is yearning for another, and that, while he is laying plans of future companionship, I am meditating, perhaps, an eternal separation!"

"Sweet Henrietta, listen to me one moment. Suppose I had quitted you last night for Bath, merely for this purpose, as indeed we had once thought of; and that your father had arrived at Ducie before I had returned to make my communication; would you style your silence, under such circumstances, a secret engagement? No, no, dear love; this is an abuse of terms.

It would be a delicate consideration for a parent's feelings."

"Oh! Ferdinand, would we were united, and had no cares!"

"You would not consider our projected union a secret engagement, if, after passing to-morrow with your father, you expected me on the next day to communicate to him our position. Is it any more a secret engagement because six or seven days are to elapse, before this communication takes place, instead of one? My Henrietta is indeed fighting with shadows!"

"Oh! Ferdinand, I cannot reason like you; but I feel unhappy when I think of this."

"Dearest Henrietta! feel only that you are loved. Think, darling, the day will come when we shall smile at all these cares. All will flow smoothly yet; and we shall all yet live at Armine—Mr. Temple and all."

"Papa likes you so much, too, Ferdinand, I should be miserable if you offended him."

"Which I certainly should do if I were not to communicate with Sir Ratcliffe first."

"Do you, indeed, think so?"

"Indeed I am certain."

"But cannot you write to Sir Ratcliffe, Ferdinand? Must you, indeed, go? Must we, indeed, be separated? I cannot believe it; it is inconceivable; it is impossible; I cannot endure it."

"It is, indeed, terrible," said Ferdinand most sincerely. "This consideration alone reconciles me to the necessity: I know my father well; his only answer to a communication of this kind would be an immediate summons to his side. Now, is it not better that this meeting should take place when we must necessarily be much less together than before, than at a later period, when we may, perhaps, be constant companions with the sanction of our parents?"

"Oh! Ferdinand, you reason—I only feel."

Let us pause here one instant, to reflect upon the character and situation of Ferdinand Armine. Henrietta Temple told him that he reasoned, and did not feel. Such an observation

from one's mistress is rather a reproach than a compliment. It was made, in the present instance, to a man whose principal characteristic was, perhaps, his too dangerous susceptibility; a man of profound and violent passions, yet of a most sweet and tender temper; capable of deep reflection, yet ever acting from the impulse of sentiment, and ready at all times to sacrifice every consideration to his heart. The prospect of separation from Henrietta, for however short a period, was absolute agony to him; he found difficulty in conceiving existence without the influence of her perpetual presence: their parting even for the night was felt by him as an onerous deprivation. The only process, indeed, that could at present prepare and console him for the impending sorrow, would have been the frank indulgence of the feelings which it called forth. Yet behold him, behold this unhappy victim of circumstances, forced to deceive, even for her happiness, the being whom he idolised; compelled, at this hour of anguish, to

bridle his heart, lest he should lose for a fatal instant his command over his head; and—while he was himself conscious that not in the wide world, perhaps, existed a man who was sacrificing more for his mistress—obliged to endure, even from her lips, a remark which seemed to impute to him a deficiency of feeling. And yet it was too much; he covered his eyes with his hand, and said, in a low and broken voice, "Alas! my Henrietta, if you knew all, you would not say this!"

"My Ferdinand, my darling Ferdinand," she exclaimed, touched by that tender and melancholy tone, "why—what is this? you weep! Let me kiss away these tears! What have I said—what done? Dearest, dearest Ferdinand, do not do this." And she threw herself on her knees before him, and looked up into his face with scrutinising affection.

He bent down his head, and pressed his lips to her forehead. "O Henrietta!" he exclaimed, "we have been so happy!"

"And shall be so, my love, my own, own Ferdinand. Doubt not my word, all will go right, sweet soul. I am so sorry, I am so miserable, that I made you unhappy to-night. I shall think of it when you are gone. I shall remember how naughty I was. It was so wicked—so very, very wicked; and he was so good."

"Gone! what a dreadful word! And shall we not be together to-morrow, Henrietta? Oh! what a morrow! Think of me, dearest. Do not let me for a moment escape from your memory?"

"Tell me exactly your road; let me know exactly where you will be at every hour; write to me on the road; if it be only a line, only a little word; only his dear name; only Ferdinand. Let me have a letter with only 'Ferdinand' in it, that I may kiss the dear name with a thousand kisses!"

"And how shall I write to you, my beloved? Shall I direct to you here?"

Henrietta looked perplexed. "Papa opens the bag every morning, and every morning you must

write, or I shall die. Ferdinand, what is to be done?"

"I will direct to you at the post-office. You must send for your letters."

"I tremble. Believe me, it will be noticed. It will look so—so—so—so clandestine."

"I will direct them to your maid. She must be our confidante."

"Ferdinand!"

"'Tis only for a week."

"O, Ferdinand! Love teaches us strange things."

"My darling, believe me, it is wise and well. Think how desolate we should be without constant correspondence. As for myself, I shall write to you every hour, and, unless I hear from you as often, I shall believe only in evil!"

"Let it be as you wish. God knows my heart is pure. I pretend no longer to regulate my destiny. I am your's, Ferdinand. Be you responsible for all that affects my honour or my heart."

"A precious trust, my Henrietta, and dearer me than all the glory of my ancestors."

The clock sounded eleven. Miss Temple rose. "It is so late, and we in darkness here! What will they think? Ferdinand, sweetest, rouse the fire. I ring the bell. Lights will come, and then ——" Her voice faltered.

"And then ——" echoed Ferdinand. He took up his guitar, but he could not command his voice.

"'Tis your guitar," said Henrietta; "I am happy that it is left behind."

The servant entered with lights, drew the curtains, renewed the fire, arranged the room, and withdrew.

"Little knows he our misery," said Henrietta. "It seemed strange, when I felt my own mind, that there could be any thing so calm and mechanical in the world."

Ferdinand was silent. He felt that the hour of departure had indeed arrived, yet he had not courage to move. Henrietta, too, did not speak.

She laid down on the sofa, as it were, exhausted, and placed her handkerchief over her face. Ferdinand leant over the fire. He was nearly tempted to give up his project, confess all to his father by letter, and await his decision. Then he conjured up the dreadful scenes at Bath, and then he remembered that, at all events, to-morrow he must not appear at Ducie. "Henrietta!" he at length said.

"A minute, Ferdinand, yet a minute," she exclaimed in an excited tone; "do not speak—I am preparing myself."

He remained in his leaning posture; and in a few moments Miss Temple rose and said, "Now, Ferdinand, I am ready." He looked round. Her countenance was quite pale, but fixed and calm.

"Let us embrace," she said, "but let us say nothing."

He pressed her to his arms. She trembled. He imprinted a thousand kisses on her cold lips;

she received them with no return. Then she said in a low voice, "Let me leave the room first;" and, giving him one kiss upon his forehead, Henrietta Temple disappeared.

When Ferdinand with a sinking heart and a staggering step quitted Ducie, he found the night so dark that it was with extreme difficulty that he traced, or rather groped, his way through the grove. The absolute necessity of watching every step he took in some degree diverted his mind from his painful meditations. The atmosphere of the wood was so close, that he congratulated himself when he had gained its skirts; but just as he was about to emerge upon the common, and was looking forward to the light of some cottage as his guide in this gloomy wilderness, a flash of lightning that seemed to cut the sky in twain, and to descend like a flight of fiery steps from the highest heavens to the lowest earth, revealed to him for a moment the whole broad bosom of the common, and showed to him that

nature to-night was as disordered and perturbed as his own heart. A clap of thunder, that might have been the herald of Doomsday, woke the cattle from their slumbers, who began to moan and low to the rising wind, and cluster under the trees, that sent forth, indeed, with their wailing branches sounds scarcely less dolorous and wild. Avoiding the woods, and striking into the most open part of the country, Ferdinand watched the progress of the tempest.

For the wind, indeed, had now risen to such a height, that the leaves and branches of the trees were carried about in vast whirls and eddies, while the waters of the lake, where in serener hours Ferdinand was accustomed to bathe, were lifted out of their bed, and inundated the neighbouring settlements. Lights were now seen moving in all the cottages, and then the forked lightning, pouring down at the same time from opposite quarters of the sky, exposed with an awful distinctness, and a fearful splendour, the

wide-spreading scene of danger and devastation.

Now descended the rain in such overwhelming torrents, that it was as if a waterspout had burst, and Ferdinand gasped for breath beneath its oppressive power; while the blaze of the variegated lightning, the crash of the thunder, and the roar of the wind, all simultaneously in movement, indicated the fulness of the storm. Succeeded then that strange lull that occurs in the heart of a tempest, when the unruly and disordered elements pause as it were for breath, and seem to concentrate their energies for an increased and final explosion. It came at last; and the very earth seemed to rock in the passage of the hurricane.

Exposed to all the awful chances of the storm, one solitary being alone beheld them without terror. The mind of Ferdinand Armine grew calm, as nature became more disturbed. He moralised amid the whirlwind. He contrasted

the present tumult and distraction with the sweet and beautiful serenity which the same scene had presented when, a short time back, he first beheld it. His love, too, had commenced in stillness and in sunshine; was it, also, to end in storm and in destruction?

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH CONTAINS A LOVE-LETTER.

Let us pause. We have endeavoured to trace, in the preceding portion of this history, the development of that passion that is at once the principle and end of our existence; that passion, compared to whose delights all the other gratifications of our nature—wealth, and power, and fame—sink into insignificance; and which, nevertheless, by the ineffable beneficence of our Creator, are open to his creatures of all conditions, qualities, and climes. Whatever be the lot of man, however unfortunate, however

oppressed, if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favour of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can lighten the fetter of the slave.

But, if the most miserable position of humanity be tolerable with its support, so also the most splendid situations of our life are wearisome without its inspiration. The golden palace requires a mistress as magnificent; and the fairest garden, besides the song of birds and the breath of flowers, calls for the sigh of sympathy. It is at the foot of woman that we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been gained: it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates our voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, and guides our brain in the august toils of stately councils.

But this passion, so charming in its nature, so equal in its dispensation, so universal in its influence, never assumes a power so vast, or exerts an authority so captivating, as when it is experienced for the first time. Then it is truly

irresistible and enchanting, fascinating and despotic; and, whatever may be the harsher feelings that life may develop, there is no one, however callous or constrained he may have become, whose brow will not grow pensive at the memory of FIRST LOVE.

The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end. It is the dark conviction that feelings the most ardent may yet grow cold, and that emotions the most constant and confirmed are, nevertheless, liable to change, that taints the feebler spell of our later passions, though they may spring from a heart that has lost little of its original freshness, and be offered to one infinitely more worthy of the devotion than our first idolatry. To gaze upon a face, and to believe that for ever we must behold it with the same adoration; that those eyes, in whose light we live, will for ever meet ours with mutual glances of rapture and devotedness; to be conscious that all conversation with others sounds vapid and spiritless, compared with the endless expression of our affection; to

feel our heart rise at the favoured voice; and to believe that life must hereafter consist of a ramble through the world, pressing but one fond hand, and leaning but upon one faithful breast; —oh! must this sweet credulity indeed be dissipated? Is there no hope for them so full of hope?—no pity for them so abounding with love?

And can it be possible that the hour can ever arrive when the former votaries of a mutual passion so exquisite and engrossing can meet each other with indifference, almost with unconsciousness, and recal with an effort their vanished scenes of felicity—that quick yet profound sympathy, that ready yet boundless confidence, all that charming abandonment of self, and that vigilant and prescient fondness that anticipates all our wants and all our wishes? It makes the heart ache but to picture such vicissitudes to the imagination. They are images full of distress, and misery, and gloom. The knowledge that such changes can occur flits over the mind like the thought of death, obscuring all our gay

fancies with its bat-like wing, and tainting the healthy atmosphere of our happiness with its venomous expirations. It is not so much ruined cities, that were once the capital glories of the world, or mouldering temples breathing with oracles no more believed, or arches of triumph that have forgotten the heroic name they were piled up to celebrate, that fill my mind with half so mournful an impression of the instability of human fortunes, as these sad spectacles of exhausted affections, and, as it were, traditionary fragments of expired passion.

The morning, that broke sweet, and soft, and clear, brought Ferdinand, with its first glimmer, a letter from Henrietta.

HENRIETTA TO FERDINAND.

Mine own, own love! I have not laid down the whole night, I have been so anxious about my Ferdinand. What a terrible, what an awful night! To think that he was in the heart of that fearful storm! What did, what could you

do? How I longed to be with you! And I could only watch the tempest from my window, and strain my eyes at every flash of lightning, in the vain hope that it might reveal him! Is he well—is he unhurt? Until my messenger return I can imagine only evil. How often I was on the point of sending out the household, and yet I thought it must be useless, and might displease him! I knew not what to do. I beat about my chamber like a silly bird in a cage. Tell me the truth, my Ferdinand; conceal nothing. Do not think of moving to-day. If you feel the least unwell, send immediately for advice. Write to me one line, only one line to tell me you are well. I shall be in despair until I hear from you. Do not keep the messenger an instant. He is on my pony. He promises to return in a very, very short time. I pray for you, as I prayed for you the whole long night, that seemed as if it would never end. God bless you, my dear and darling Ferdinand! Write only one word to your own

HENRIETTA.

FERDINAND TO HENRIETTA.

Sweetest, dearest Henrietta!

I am quite well, and love you, if that could be, more than ever. Darling, to send to see after her Ferdinand! A wet jacket, and I experienced no greater evil, does not frighten me. The storm was magnificent; I would not have missed it for the world. But I regret it now, because my Henrietta did not sleep. Sweetest love, let me come on to you! Your page is inexorable. He will not let me write another line. God bless you, my Henrietta, my beloved, my matchless Henrietta! Words cannot tell you how I love you, how I dote upon you, my darling.

Thy Ferdinand.

HENRIETTA TO FERDINAND.

No! you must not come here. It would be unwise, it would be silly. We could only be together a moment, and, though a moment with you is heaven, my Ferdinand, I cannot endure

again the agony of parting. O Ferdinand! what has that separation not cost me! Pangs that I could not conceive any human misery could occasion. My Ferdinand, may we some day be happy! It seems to me now that happiness can never come again. And yet I ought to be grateful that he was uninjured last night. I dared not confess to you before what evils I anticipated. Do you know she was so foolish that she thought every flash of lightning must descend on the head of her Ferdinand? She dares not now own how foolish she was. God be praised that he is well. But is he sure that he is *quite* well? If you have the slightest cold, dearest, do not move. Postpone that journey on which all our hopes are fixed. Colds bring fever. But you laugh at me; you are a man and a soldier; you laugh at a woman's caution. Oh! my Ferdinand, I am so selfish that I should not care if you were ill, if I might only be your nurse. What happiness, what exquisite happiness would that be!

Darling, do not be angry with your Henrietta, but I am nervous about concealing our engagement from papa. What I have promised I will perform, fear not that; I will never deceive you, no, not even for your fancied benefit: but sweet, sweet love, I feel the burthen of this secrecy more than I can express, more than I wish to express. I do not like to say any thing that can annoy you, especially at this moment, when I feel, from my own heart, how you must require all the support and solace of unbroken fondness. I have such confidence in your judgment, my Ferdinand, that I feel convinced that you have acted wisely; but come back, my sweetest, come back as soon as you can. I know it must be more than a week; I know that that prospect was only held out by your affection for your Henrietta. Days must elapse before you can reach Bath; and I know, Ferdinand, I know your office is more difficult than you will confess. But come back, my

sweetest, as soon as you can, and write to me at the post-office, as you settled.

If you are well, as you say, leave the farm directly. The consciousness that you are so near, my darling, makes me restless. Remember in a few hours papa will be here. I wish to meet him with as much calmness as I can command.

Ferdinand, I must bid you adieu! My tears are too evident. See they fall upon the page. It is stained. Kiss it, Ferdinand, just here. I will press my lips just here; do you also press yours. Think of me always. Never let your Henrietta be absent from your thoughts. If you knew how desolate this house is! Your guitar is on the sofa; a ghost of departed joy!

Farewell, Ferdinand! farewell, *my* Ferdinand! Ah! there is pride, there is bliss, in that remembrance! If you knew, sweetest, how proud I am of you, how keenly I feel my own unworthiness; but my heart is yours. I cannot write, darling.

I cannot restrain my tears. I know not what to do. I almost wish papa would return, though I dread to see him. I feel the desolation of this house, I am so accustomed to see you here!

Heaven be with you, dearest, and guard over you, and cherish you, and bless you. Think always of me. Would that this pen could express the depth and devotion of my feelings!

Thine own fond and faithful

HENRIETTA.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH, SUPPOSING THE READER IS INTERESTED IN THE CORRESPONDENCE, PURSUES IT.

HENRIETTA TO FERDINAND.

Dearest, dearest love. A thousand, thousand thanks, a thousand, thousand blessings, for your letter from Armine, dear, dear Armine, where some day we shall be so happy! It was such a darling letter, so long, so kind, and so *clear*. How could my sweet life for a moment fancy that his Henrietta would not be able to decipher his dear, dear handwriting? Always cross, dearest: your handwriting is so beautiful that I never shall find the slightest difficulty in making it out, if your letters were crossed a thousand times. Besides, dear love, to tell the truth, I should rather like to experience a little

difficulty in reading your letters, for I read them so often, over and over again, till I get them by heart, and it is such a delight every now and then to find out some new expression that escaped me in the first fever of perusal; and then it is sure to be some darling word fonder than all the rest!

O, my Ferdinand! how shall I express to you my love? It seems to me now that I never loved you until this separation—that I have never been half grateful enough to you for all your goodness. It makes me weep to remember all the soft things you have said, all the kind things you have done for me, and to think that I have not conveyed to you at the time a tithe of my sense of all your gentle kindness. You are so gentle, Ferdinand! I think that, sweet, is the greatest charm of your character. My gentle, gentle love! so unlike all other persons that I have met with! Your voice is so sweet, your manner so tender, I am sure you have the kindest heart that ever existed: and then it is a daring

spirit too, and that I love! Be of good cheer, my Ferdinand; all will go well. I am full of hope, and would be of joy, if you were here—and yet I am joyful, too, when I think of all your love. I can sit for hours and recall the past—it is so sweet. When I received your dear letter from Armine yesterday and knew indeed that you had gone, I went and walked in our woods, and sat down on the very bank we loved so, and read your letter over and over again; and then I thought of all you had said and done. It is so strange; I think I could repeat every word you have uttered since we first knew each other. The morning that began so miserable, wore away before I dreamed it could be noon.

Papa arrived about an hour before dinner. So kind and good! And why should he not be? I was ashamed of myself afterwards for seeming surprised that he was the same as ever. He asked me if your family had returned to Armine. I said that you had expected them

daily. Then he asked if I had seen you. I said very often, but that you had now gone to Bath, as their return had been prevented by the illness of a relative. Did I right in this? I looked as unconcerned as I could when I spoke of you, but my heart throbbed—oh! how it throbbed! I hope, however, I did not change colour; I think not; for I had schooled myself for this conversation. I knew it must ensue. Believe me, Ferdinand, papa really likes you, and is prepared to love you. He spoke of you in a tone of genuine kindness. I gave him your message about the shooting at Armine; that you regretted his unexpected departure had prevented you from speaking before, but that it was at his entire command, only that, after our preserves, all you could hope was, that the extent of the land might make up for the thinness of the game. He was greatly pleased.

Ferdinand, my darling Ferdinand, adieu! All good angels guard over my Ferdinand. I

will write every day to the post-office, Bath. Think of me very much. Your own faithful

HENRIETTA.

LETTER II.

HENRIETTA TO FERDINAND.

O FERDINAND, what heaven it is to think of you, and to read your letters! This morning brought me two—the one from London, and the few lines you wrote me as the mail stopped on the road. Do you know, you will think me very ungrateful, but those dear few lines, I believe I must confess I prefer them even to your beautiful long letter. It was so kind, so tender, so sweetly considerate, so like my Ferdinand, to snatch the few minutes that should have been given to rest and food to write to his Henrietta. Darling! I love you for it a thousand times more than ever! I hope you are really well; I hope

you tell me truth. This is a great fatigue, even for you. It is worse than our mules that we once talked of. Does he recollect? Oh! what joyous spirits my Ferdinand was in that happy day! I love him when he laughs, and yet I think he won my heart with those pensive eyes of his!

Papa is most kind, and suspects nothing. Yesterday I mentioned you first. I took up your guitar, and said to whom it belonged. I thought it more natural not to be silent about you. Besides, dearest, papa really likes you, and I am sure will love you very much when he knows all, and it is such a pleasure to me to hear you praised and spoken of with kindness by those I love. I have, of course, little to say about myself. I visit my birds, tend my flowers, and pay particular attention to all those I remember that you admired or touched. Sometimes I whisper to them, and tell them that you will soon return, for, indeed, they seem to miss you, and to droop their heads like their poor mistress. O! my Ferdinand, shall we ever again meet?

Shall I, indeed, ever again listen to that sweet voice, and will it tell me again that it loves me with the very selfsame accents that ring even now in my fascinated ear?

O Ferdinand! this love is a fever, a fever of health. I cannot sleep; I can scarcely countenance my father at his meals. I am wild and restless; but I am happy, happy in the consciousness of your fond devotion. To-morrow I purpose visiting our farm-house. I think papa will shoot to-morrow. My heart will throb, I fancy, when I see our porch, and when I remember all that has happened there. God bless my own love; the darling, the idol of his fond and happy

HENRIETTA.

LETTER III.

HENRIETTA TO FERDINAND.

DEAREST, dearest love! No letter since the few lines on the road, but I suppose it was

impossible. To-morrow will bring me one, I suppose, from Bath. I know not why I tremble when I write that word. All is well here, papa most kind, the same as ever. He went a little on your land to-day, a very little, but it pleased me. He has killed an Armine hare. Oh! what a morning have I spent; so happy, so sorrowful, so full of tears and smiles! I hardly know whether I laughed or wept most. That dear, dear farm-house! And then they all talked of you. How they do love my Ferdinand! But so must every one. The poor woman has lost her heart to you, I suspect, and I am half inclined to be a little jealous. She did so praise you! So kind, so gentle, giving such little trouble, and, as I fear, so much too generous! Exactly like my Ferdinand; but, really, this was unnecessary. Pardon me, love, but I am learning prudence.

Do you know I went into your room! I contrived to ascend alone; the good woman followed me, but I was there alone a moment, and—and—

and—and what do you think I did? I could not help it, dear Ferdinand. Don't think it very wrong; don't scold me. I kissed your pillow. I could not help it, dearest; when I thought that his darling head had rested there so often and so lately, I could not refrain from pressing my lips to that favoured resting-place, and I am afraid I shed a tear besides.

When mine own love receives this he will be at Bath. How I pray that you may find all your family well and happy! I hope they will love me. I already love them, and dear, dear Armine. I shall never have courage to go there again until your return. It is night, and I am writing this in my own room. Perhaps the hour may have its influence, but I feel depressed. Oh, that I were at your side! This house is so desolate without you. Every thing reminds me of the past. Darling, darling Ferdinand, how can I express to you what I feel—the affection, the love, the rapture, the passionate joy, with which your image inspires me? I will not be

miserable, I will be grateful to Heaven that I am loved by one so rare and gifted. Your portrait is before me; I call it yours; it is so like! 'Tis a great consolation. My heart is with you, dearest. Think of me as I think of you. Awake or asleep my thoughts are alike yours, and now I am going to pray for you.

Thine own HENRIETTA.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

LETTER IX.

MY best beloved—The week is long past, but you say nothing of returning. O! my Ferdinand, your Henrietta is not happy. I read your

dear letters over and over again. They ought to make me happy. I feel in the consciousness of your affection that I ought to be the happiest person in the world, and yet, I know not why, I am very depressed. You say that all is going well; but why do you not enter into detail? There are difficulties; I am prepared for them. Believe me, my Ferdinand, that your Henrietta can endure as well as enjoy. Your father, he frowns upon our affection? Tell me, tell me all, only do not leave me in suspense. I am entitled to your confidence, Ferdinand. It makes me hate myself to think that I do not share your cares as well as your delights. I am jealous of your sorrows, Ferdinand, if I may not share them.

Darling Ferdinand, do not let your brow be clouded when you read this. Oh! I could kill myself if I thought I could increase your difficulties. I love you—God knows how I love you. I will be patient; and yet, my Ferdinand, I feel wretched when I think that all is

concealed from papa, and my lips are sealed until you give me permission to open them.

Pray write to me sweet, sweet love, and tell me really how affairs are. Be not afraid to tell your Henrietta anything. There is no misery as long as we love; as long as your heart is mine, there is nothing which I cannot face, nothing which, I am persuaded, we cannot overcome. God bless you, Ferdinand, my soul's very idol. Words cannot express how I dote upon your image.

HENRIETTA.

LETTER X.

MINE own, own. I wrote to you yesterday a letter of complaints. I am so sorry, for your dear letter has come to-day, and it is so kind, so fond, so affectionate, that it makes me miserable that I should occasion you even a shade of

annoyance. Dearest, how I love you ! How I long to prove my love ! There is nothing that I would not do, nothing that I would not endure, to convince you of my devotion ! Sweet, sweet Ferdinand, I will do all that you wish. I will be calm, I will be patient, I will try to be content. You say that you are sure all will go right ; but you tell me nothing. What said your dear father ? your mother ? Be not afraid to speak.

You bid me tell you all that I am doing. O ! my Ferdinand, life is a blank without you. I have seen no one, I have spoken to no one, save papa. He is very kind, and yet somehow or other I dread to be with him. This house seems so desolate, so very desolate. It seems a deserted place since your departure, a spot that some good genius has quitted, and all the glory has gone. I never care for my birds or flowers now. They have lost their music and their sweetness since my Ferdinand left them. And the woods, I cannot walk in them, and the

garden reminds me only of the happy past. I have never been to the farm-house again. I could not go now, dearest Ferdinand ; it would only make me weep. I think only of the morning, for it brings me your letters. I feed upon them, I live upon them. They are my only joy and solace, and yet —— but no complaints to-day, no complaints, dearest Ferdinand ; let me only express my devoted love. Farewell, my joy, my pride, my soul's idol. Oh ! that my weak pen could express a tithe of my fond devotion. Ferdinand, I love you with all my heart, and all my soul, and all my spirit's strength. I have no thought but for you, I exist only on your idea. Write, write—tell me that you love me, tell me that you are unchanged. It is so long since I heard that voice, so long since I beheld that fond, soft eye ! Pity me, my Ferdinand. This is captivity. A thousand, thousand loves.

Your devoted HENRIETTA.

LETTER XI.

Ferdinand, dearest Ferdinand, the post to-day has brought me no letter. I cannot credit my senses. I think the postmaster must have thought me mad. No letter! I could not believe his denial. I was annoyed, too, at the expression of his countenance. This mode of correspondence, Ferdinand, I wish not to murmur, but when I consented to this clandestine method of communication, it was for a few days, a few, few days, and then—But I cannot write. I am quite overwhelmed. Oh! will to-morrow ever come?

Henrietta.

LETTER XII.

Dearest Ferdinand, I wish to be calm. Your letter occasions me very serious uneasiness.

I quarrel not with its tone of affection. It is fond, very fond, and there were moments when I could have melted over such expressions; but, Ferdinand, it is not candid. Why are we separated? For a purpose. Is that purpose effected? Were I to judge only from your letters, I should even suppose that you had not spoken to your father; but that is, of course, impossible. Your father disapproves of our union. I feel it, I know it; I was even prepared for it. Come, then, and speak to my father. It is due to me not to leave him any more in the dark; it will be better, believe me, for yourself, that he should share our confidence. Papa is not a rich man, but he loves his daughter. Let us make him our friend. Ah! why did I ever conceal any thing from one so kind and good? In this moment of desolation, I feel, I keenly feel, my folly, my wickedness. I have no one to speak to, no one to console me. This constant struggle to conceal my feelings will kill me. It was painful when all was joy, but now— O Ferdinand!

I can endure this life no longer. My brain is weak, my spirit perplexed and broken. I will not say if you love; but, Ferdinand, if you pity me, write, and write definitely, to your unhappy

HENRIETTA.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

LETTER XVIII.

YOU tell me that, in compliance with my wishes, you will write definitely. You tell me that circumstances have occurred, since your arrival at Bath, of a very perplexing and annoying nature, and that they retard that settlement with your father that you had projected and partly arranged,—that it is impossible to enter into detail in letters, and assuring me of your

love, you add that you have been anxious to preserve me from sharing your anxiety. O Ferdinand! what anxiety can you withhold like that you have occasioned me? Dearest, dearest Ferdinand, I will, I must still believe that you are faultless; but, believe me, a want of candour in our situation, and, I believe, in every situation, is a want of common sense. Never conceal any thing from your Henrietta.

I now take it for granted that your father has forbid our union; indeed, this is the only conclusion that I can draw from your letter. Ferdinand, I can bear this, even this. Sustained by your affection, I will trust to time, to events, to the kindness of my friends, and to that overruling Providence, which will not desert affections so pure as ours, to bring about sooner or later some happier result. Confident in your love, I can live in solitude, and devote myself to your memory, I——

O Ferdinand! kneel to your father, kneel to your kind mother; tell them all, tell them

how I love you, how I will love them; tell them your Henrietta will have no thought but for their happiness; tell them she will be as dutiful to them as she is devoted to you. Ask not for our union, ask them only to permit you to cherish our acquaintance. Let them return to Armine; let them cultivate our friendship; let them know papa; let them know me—let them know me as I am, with all my faults I trust not worldly, not selfish, not quite insignificant, not quite unprepared to act the part that awaits a member of their family, either in its splendour or its proud humility; and, if not worthy of their son, (as who can be?) yet conscious, deeply conscious of the value and blessing of his affection, and prepared to prove it by the devotion of my being. Do this, my Ferdinand, and happiness will yet come.

But, sweet, sweet Ferdinand, my own, my gentle love, on whatever course you may decide, remember your Henrietta. I do not reproach you, my darling; never will I reproach you;

but remember the situation in which you have placed me. All my happy life I have never had a secret from my father; and now I am involved in a private engagement and a clandestine correspondence. Be just to him; be just to your Henrietta! Return, my darling, I beseech you on my knees; return instantly to Ducie; reveal everything. He will be kind and gracious; he will be our best friend; in his hand and bosom we shall find solace and support. God bless you, Ferdinand! All will yet go well, mine own, own love. I smile amid my tears when I think that we shall so soon meet. Oh! what misery can there be in this world if we may but share it together?

Thy fond, thy faithful, thy devoted

HENRIETTA.

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING THE ARRIVAL AT DUCIE OF A VERY DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

It was about three weeks after Ferdinand Armine had quitted Ducie that Mr. Temple entered the breakfast-room one morning, with an open note in his hand, and told Henrietta to prepare for visiters, as her old friend, Lady Bellair, had written, to apprise him of her intention to rest the night at Ducie, on her way to the North.

"She brings with her also the most charming woman in the world," added Mr. Temple, with a smile.

"I have little doubt Lady Bellair deems her companion so at present," said Miss Temple, "whoever she may be; but, at any rate, I shall

be glad to see her ladyship, who is certainly one of the most amusing women in the world."

This announcement of the speedy arrival of Lady Bellair made some bustle in the household of Ducie Bower; for her ladyship was in every respect a memorable character, and the butler, who had remembered her visits to the Temples before their residence at Ducie, very much interested the curiosity of his fellow-servants by his intimations of her ladyship's eccentricities.

"You will have to take care of the parrot, Mary," said the butler; "and you, Susan, must look after the page. We shall all be well cross-examined as to the state of the establishment; and so I advise you to be prepared. Her ladyship is a rum one, and that's the truth."

In due course of time, a very handsome travelling chariot, emblazoned with a viscount's coronet, and carrying on the seat behind a portly man servant and a lady's maid, arrived at

Ducie. They immediately descended, and assisted the assembled household of the Bower to disembark the contents of the chariot; but Mr. Temple and his daughter were too well acquainted with Lady Bellair's character to appear at this critical moment. First came forth a very stately dame, of ample proportions and exceedingly magnificent attire, being dressed, indeed, in the very extreme of gorgeous fashion, and who, after being landed on the marble steps, was for some moments absorbed in the fluttering arrangement of her plumage; smoothing her maroon pelisse, shaking the golden riband of her emerald bonnet, and adjusting the glittering pelerine of point device, that shaded the fall of her broad, but well-formed, shoulders. In one hand the stately dame lightly swung a bag that was worthy of holding the great seal itself, so rich and so elaborate were its materials and embroidery; and in the other she at length took a glass, which was suspended from her neck by a chain-cable of gold, and glanced with a flashing

eye, as dark as her ebon curls and as brilliant as her well-rouged cheek, at the surrounding scene.

The green parrot, in its sparkling cage, followed next, and then came forth the prettiest, liveliest, smallest, best-dressed, and, stranger than all, oldest little lady in the world. Lady Bellair was of child-like stature, and quite erect, though ninety years of age; the tasteful simplicity of her costume, her little plain white silk bonnet, her grey silk dress, her apron, her grey mittens, and her Cinderella shoes, all admirably contrasted with the vast and flaunting splendour of her companion, not less than her ladyship's small yet exquisitely proportioned form, her highly-finished extremities, and her keen sarcastic grey eye. The expression of her ladyship's countenance now, however, was somewhat serious. An arrival was an important moment that required all her practised circumspection; there was so much to arrange, so much to remember, and so much to observe.

The portly serving-man had advanced, and, taking his little mistress in his arms, as he would a child, had planted her on the steps. And then her ladyship's clear, shrill, and now rather fretful voice was heard.

"Here! where's the butler? I don't want you, stupid (addressing her own servant), but the butler of the house, Mister's Butler; what is his name—Mr. Two-Shoes' butler? I cannot remember names. Oh! you are there, are you? I don't want you. How is your master? How is your charming lady? Where is the parrot?—I don't want it. Where's the lady? Why don't you answer? Why do you stare so? Miss Temple! no! not Miss Temple! The lady, my lady, my charming friend, Mrs. Floyd! To be sure so—why did not you say so before? But she has got two names. Why don't you say both names? My dear," continued Lady Bellair, addressing her travelling companion, "I don't know your name. Tell all these good people your name—your two names! I like

people with two names. Tell them, my dear, tell them—tell them your name, Mrs. Thingabob, or whatever it is, Mrs. Thingabob Two-Shoes."

Mrs. Montgommery Floyd, though rather annoyed by this appeal, still contrived to comply with the request in the most dignified manner; and all the servants bowed to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd.

To the great satisfaction of this stately dame, Lady Bellair, after scanning everything and everybody with the utmost scrutiny, indicated some intention of entering, when suddenly she turned round—

"Man, there's something wanting. I had three things to take charge of. The parrot and my charming friend—that is only two. There is a third. What is it? You don't know! Here, you man, who are you? Mr. Temple's servant. I knew your master when he was not as high as that cage. What do you think

of that?" continued her ladyship, with a triumphant smile. "What do you laugh at, sir? Did you ever see a woman ninety years old before? That I would wager you have not. What do I want? I want something. Why do you tease me by not remembering what I want? Now, I knew a gentleman who made his fortune by once remembering what a very great man wanted. But then the great man was a minister of state. I dare say if I were a minister of state, instead of an old woman ninety years of age, you would contrive some how or other to find out what I wanted. Never mind, never mind. Come, my charming friend, let me take your arm. Now I will introduce you to the prettiest, the dearest, the most innocent and charming lady in the world. She is my greatest favourite. She is always my favourite. You are my favourite, too; but you are only my favourite for the moment. I always have two favourites: one for the moment, and one that I never

change, and that is my sweet Henrietta Temple. You see I can remember her name, though I couldn't yours. But you are a good creature, a dear good soul, though you live in a bad set, my dear, a very bad set, indeed; vulgar people, my dear; they may be rich, but they have no ton. This is a fine place. Stop, stop," Lady Bellair exclaimed, stamping her little foot and shaking her little arm, "Don't drive away, I remember what it was. Gregory! run, Gregory! It is the page! There was no room for him behind, and I told him to lie under the seat. Poor dear boy! He must be smothered. I hope he is not dead. Oh! there he is. Has Miss Temple got a page? Does her page wear a feather? My page has not got a feather, but he shall have one, because he was not smothered. Here! woman, who are you? The housemaid. I thought so. I always know a housemaid. You shall take care of my page. Take him at once, and give him some milk and water; and, page,

be very good, and never leave this good young woman, unless I send for you. And, woman, good young woman, perhaps you may find an old feather of Miss Temple's page. Give it to this good little boy, because he was not smothered."

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VISCOUNTESS DOWAGER BELLAIR.

The Viscountess Dowager Bellair was the last remaining link between the two centuries. Herself born of a noble family, and distinguished both for her beauty and her wit, she had reigned for a quarter of a century the favourite subject of Sir Joshua; had flirted with Lord Carlisle, and chatted with Dr. Johnson. But the most remarkable quality of her ladyship's destiny was her preservation. Time, that had rolled on nearly a century since her birth, had spared alike her physical and mental powers. She was almost as active in body, and quite as lively in mind, as when seventy years before she skipped in Marylebone Gardens, or puzzled the gentle-

men of the Tuesday Night Club at Mrs. Cornely's masquerades. Those wonderful seventy years, indeed, had passed to Lady Bellair like one of those very masked balls in which she formerly sparkled; she had lived in a perpetual crowd of strange and brilliant characters. All that had been famous for beauty, rank, fashion, wit, genius, had been gathered round her throne; and at this very hour a fresh and admiring generation, distinguished for these qualities, cheerfully acknowledged her supremacy, and paid to her their homage. The heroes and heroines of her youth, her middle life, even of her old age, had vanished; brilliant orators, profound statesmen, inspired bards, ripe scholars, illustrious warriors; beauties whose dazzling charms had turned the world mad; choice spirits, whose flying words or whose fanciful manners made every saloon smile or wonder—all had disappeared. She had witnessed revolutions in every country in the world; she remembered Brighton a fishing-town, and Manchester a village; she had shared the

pomp of nabobs and the profusion of loan-mongers; she had stimulated the early ambition of Charles Fox, and had sympathised with the last aspirations of George Canning; she had been the confidante of the loves alike of Byron and Alfieri; had worn mourning for General Wolfe, and given a festival to the Duke of Wellington; had laughed with George Selwyn, and smiled at Lord Alvanley; had known the first macaroni and the last dandy; remembered the Gunnings, and introduced the Sheridans! But she herself was unchanged; still restless for novelty, still eager for amusement; still anxiously watching the entrance on the stage of some new stream of characters, and indefatigable in attracting the notice of every one whose talents might contribute to her entertainment, or whose attention might gratify her vanity. And, really, when one recollected Lady Bellair's long career, and witnessed at the same time her diminutive form and her unrivalled vitality, one might almost be tempted to believe, that if not absolutely immor-

tal, it was at least her strange destiny not so much vulgarly to die, as to grow like the heroine of the fairy tale, each year smaller and smaller,

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,"

until her ladyship might at length subside into airy nothingness, and so rather vanish than expire.

It was the fashion to say her ladyship had no heart; in most instances an unmeaning phrase; in her case certainly an unjust one. Ninety years of experience had assuredly not been thrown away on a mind of remarkable acuteness; but Lady Bellair's feelings were still quick and warm, and could be even profound. Her fancy was so lively, that her attention was soon engaged; her taste so refined, that her affection was not so easily obtained. Hence she acquired a character for caprice, because she repented at leisure those first impressions which with her were irresistible; for, in truth, Lady Bellair, though she had nearly completed her century, and had passed her whole life in the most arti-

ficial circles, was the very creature of impulse. Her first homage she always declared was paid to talent, her second to beauty, her third to blood. The favoured individual who might combine these three splendid qualifications, was, with Lady Bellair, a nymph or a demi-god. As for mere wealth, she really despised it, though she liked her favourites to be rich.

Her knowledge of human nature, which was considerable, her acquaintance with human weaknesses which was unrivalled, were not thrown away upon Lady Bellair. Her ladyship's perception of character was fine and quick, and nothing delighted her so much as making a person a tool. Capable, where her heart was touched, of the finest sympathy and the most generous actions—where her feelings were not engaged, she experienced no compunction in turning her companions to account, or, indeed, sometimes in honouring them with her intimacy for that purpose. But if you had the skill to detect her plots, and the courage to make her aware of your con-

sciousness of them, you never displeased her, and often gained her friendship. For Lady Bellair had a fine taste for humour, and when she chose to be candid—an indulgence which was not rare with her—she could dissect her own character and conduct with equal spirit and impartiality. In her own instance it cannot be denied that she comprised the three great qualifications she so much prized: for she was very witty; had blood in her veins, to use her own expression; and was the prettiest woman in the world —— for her years. For the rest, though no person was more highly bred, she could be very impertinent; but if you treated her with servility, she absolutely loathed you.

Lady Bellair, after the London season, always spent two or three months at Bath, and then proceeded to her great grandson's, the present Viscount's, seat in the North, where she remained until London was again attractive. Part of her domestic diplomacy was employed each year, during her Bath visit, in discovering some old

friend, or making some new acquaintance, who would bear her in safety, and save her harmless from all expenses and dangers of the road, to Northumberland; and she displayed often in these arrangements talents which Talleyrand might have envied. During the present season, Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, the widow of a rich East Indian, whose intention it was to proceed to her estate in Scotland at the end of the autumn, had been presented to Lady Bellair by a friend well acquainted with her ladyship's desired arrangements. What an invaluable acquaintance at such a moment for Lady Bellair! Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, very rich and very anxious to be fashionable, was intoxicated with the flattering condescension and anticipated companionship of Lady Bellair. At first, Lady B. had quietly suggested that they should travel together to Northumberland. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd was enchanted with the proposal. Then Lady Bellair regretted that her servant was very ill, and that she must send her to town imme-

diately in her own carriage; and then Mrs. Montgomery Floyd insisted, in spite of the offers of Lady Bellair, that her ladyship should take a seat in her carriage, and would not for an instant hear of Lady Bellair defraying, under such circumstances, any portion of the expense. Lady Bellair held out to the dazzled vision of Mrs. Montgomery Floyd a brilliant perspective of the noble lords and wealthy squires whose splendid seats, under the auspices of Lady Bellair, they were to make their resting-places during their progress; and in time Lady Bellair, who had a particular fancy for her own carriage, proposed that her servants should travel in that of Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd smiled a too willing assent. It ended by Mrs. Montgomery Floyd's servants travelling to Lord Bellair's, where their mistress was to meet them, in that lady's own carriage, and Lady Bellair travelling in her own chariot with her own servants, and Mrs. Montgomery Floyd defraying the expenditure of both expeditions.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH LADY BELLAIR GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HER FRIENDS.

Lady Bellair really loved Henrietta Temple. She was her prime and her permanent favourite, and she was always lamenting that Henrietta would not come and stay with her in London, and marry a Duke. Lady Bellair was a great matchmaker. When, therefore, she was welcomed by the fair mistress of Ducie Bower, Lady Bellair was as genuine as she was profuse in her kind phrases. "My sweet, sweet young friend," she said, as Henrietta bowed her head and offered her lips to the little old lady, "it is something to have such a friend as you. What old woman has such a sweet friend as I have! Now let me look at you. It does my heart good to see you. I feel younger. You are hand-

somer than ever, I declare you are. Why will you not come and stay with me, and let me find you a husband? There is the Duke of Derandale—he is in love with you already; for I do nothing but talk of you. No, you should not marry him, he is not good enough. He is not refined. I love a Duke, but I love a Duke that is refined more. You shall marry Lord Fitzwarrene. He is my favourite; he is worthy of you. You laugh; I love to see you laugh. You are so fresh and innocent! There is your worthy father talking to my friend Mrs. Twoshoes; a very good creature, my love, a very worthy soul, but no ton; I hate French words, but what other can I use; and she will wear gold chains, which I detest. You never wear gold chains I am sure. The Duke of —— would not have me, so I came to you," continued her ladyship, returning the salutation of Mr. Temple. "Don't ask me if I am tired, I am never tired. There is nothing I hate so much as being asked whether I am well. I am always

well. There, I have brought you a charming friend; give her your arm; and you shall give me yours," said the old lady, smiling to Henrietta; "We make a good contrast; I like a good contrast, but not an ugly one. I cannot bear anything that is ugly; unless it is a very ugly man indeed who is a genius and very fashionable. I liked Wilkes, and I liked Curran; but they were famous, the best company in the world. When I was as young as you, Lady Lavington and I always hunted in couples, because she was tall, and I was called the Queen of the Fairies. Pretty women, my sweet child, should never be alone. Not that I was very pretty, but I was always with pretty women, and at last the men began to think that I was pretty too."

"A superbly pretty place," simpered the magnificent Mrs. Montgomery Floyd to Mr. Temple, "and of all the sweetly pretty persons I ever met, I assure you I think Miss Temple the most charming. Such a favourite too with

Lady Bellair! You know she calls Miss Temple her real favourite," added the lady, with a playful smile.

The ladies were ushered to their apartments by Henrietta, for the hour of dinner was at hand, and Mrs. Montgomery Floyd indicated some anxiety not to be hurried in her toilette. Indeed, when she reappeared, it might have been matter of marvel how she could have effected such a complete transformation in so short a period. Except a train, she was splendid enough for a birth-day at St. James's, and wore so many brilliants that she glittered like a chandelier. However, as Lady Bellair loved a contrast, this was perhaps not unfortunate; for certainly her ladyship, in her simple costume, which had only been altered by the substitution of a cap that should have been immortalised by Mieris or Gerard Douw, afforded one not a little startling to her sumptuous fellow-traveller.

"Your dinner is very good," said Lady Bellair to Mr. Temple. "I eat very little and

very plainly, but I hate a bad dinner ; it dissatisfies everybody else, and they are all dull. The best dinners now are a new man's ; I forget his name ; the man who is so very rich. You never heard of him, and she (pointing with her fork to Mrs. Montgomery) knows nobody. What is his name ? Gregory, what is the name of the gentleman I dine with so often ? the gentleman I send to when I have no other engagement, and he always gives me a dinner, but who never dines with me. He is only rich, and I hate people who are only rich ; but I must ask him next year. I ask him to my evening parties, mind ; I don't care about them ; but I will not have stupid people, who are only rich, at my dinners. Gregory, what is his name ?"

" Mr. Million de Stockville, my Lady."

" Yes, that is the man, good Gregory. You have no deer, have you ?" inquired her Ladyship of Mr. Temple. " I thought not. I wish you had deer. You should send a haunch in my name to Mr. Million de Stockville, and that

would be as good as a dinner to him. If your neighbour, the Duke, had received me, I should have sent it from thence. I will tell you what I will do; I will write a note from this place to the Duke, and get him to do it for me. He will do anything for me. He loves me, the Duke, and I love him ; but his wife hates me."

"And you have had a gay season in town this year, Lady Bellair ?" inquired Miss Temple.

"My dear, I always have a gay season."

"What happiness!" softly exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "I think nothing is more delightful than gaiety."

"And how is my friend Mr. Bonmot, this year ?" said Mr. Temple.

"My dear, Bonmot is growing very old. He tells the same stories over again, and therefore I never see him. I cannot bear wits that have run to seed : I cannot ask Bonmot to my dinners, and I told him the reason why ; but I said I was at home every morning from two till six, and that he might come then—for he does not

go out to evening parties—and he is huffy—and so we have quarrelled."

"Poor Mr. Bonmot," said Miss Temple.

"My dear, there is the most wonderful man in the world—I forget his name—but everybody is mad to have him. He is quite the fashion. I have him to my parties instead of Bonmot, and it is much better. Everybody has Bonmot; but my man is new, and I love something new. Lady Frederick Berrington brought him to me. Do you know Lady Frederick Berrington? Oh! I forgot, poor dear, you are buried alive in the country; I must introduce you to Lady Frederick. She is charming—she will taste you—she will be your friend;—and you cannot have a better friend, my dear, for she is very pretty, very witty, and has got blood in her veins. I won't introduce you to Lady Frederick," continued Lady Bellair to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd; "she is not in your way. I shall introduce you to Lady Splash and Dashaway—she is to be your friend."

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd seemed consoled by the splendid future of being the friend of Lady Splash and Dashaway, and easily to endure with such a compensation the somewhat annoying remarks of her noble patroness.

"But as for Bonmot," continued Lady Bellair, "I will have nothing to do with him. General Faneville, he is a dear good man, and gives me dinners. I love dinners: I never dine at home, except when I have company. General Faneville not only gives me dinners, but lets me always choose my own party. And he said to me the other day—'Now, Lady Bellair, fix your day, and name your party.' I said directly—'General, anybody but Bonmot.' You know Bonmot is his particular friend."

"But surely that is very cruel," said Henrietta Temple, smiling.

"I am cruel," said Lady Bellair, "when I hate a person I am very cruel—and I hate Bonmot. Mr. Fox wrote me a copy of verses once, and called me 'cruel fair;' but I was not

cruel to him, for I dearly loved Charles Fox : and I love you, and I love your father. The first party your father ever was at, was at my house. There, what do you think of that ? And I love my grandchildren ; I call them all my grandchildren. I think great-grandchildren sounds silly : I am so happy that they have married so well. My dear Selina is a countess ; you shall be a countess, too," added the old lady, laughing. " I must see you a countess before I die. Mrs. Grenville is not a countess, and is rather poor ; but they will be rich some day ; and Grenville is a good name—it sounds well. That is a great thing. I hate a name that does not sound well."

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINING A CONVERSATION NOT QUITE SO AMUSING AS THE LAST.

In the evening, Henrietta amused her guests with music. Mrs. Montgomery Floyd was enthusiastically fond of music, and very proud of her intimate friendship with Pasta.

"Oh! you know her, do you?" said Lady Bellair. "Very well; you shall bring her to my house. She shall sing at all my parties: I love music at my evenings, but I never pay for it, never. If she will not come in the evening, I will try to ask her to dinner, once at least. I do not like singers and tumblers at dinner—but she is very fashionable, and young men like her; and what I want at my dinners are young men, young men of very great fashion. I rather want

young men at my dinners. I have some—Lord Languid always comes to me, and he is very fine, you know, very fine, indeed. He goes to very few places, but he always comes to me."

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd quitted the piano, and seated herself by Mr. Temple. Mr. Temple was gallant, and Mrs. Montgomery Floyd anxious to obtain the notice of a gentleman whom Lady Bellair had assured her was of the first ton. Her Ladyship herself beckoned Henrietta Temple to join her on the sofa, and, taking her hand very affectionately, explained to her all the tactics by which she intended to bring about a match between her and Lord Fitzwarrene, very much regretting, at the same time, that her dear grandson, Lord Bellair, was married; for he, after all, was the only person worthy of her. "He would taste you, my dear; he would understand you. Dear Bellair! he is so very handsome, and so very witty. Why did he go and marry? And yet I love his wife. Do you know her? Oh! she is charming: so very

pretty, so very witty, and such good blood in her veins. I made the match. Why were you not in England? If you had only come to England a year sooner you should have married Bellair. How provoking!"

"But, really, dear Lady Bellair, your grandson is very happy. What more can you wish?"

"Well, my dear, it shall be Lord Fitzwarrene, then. I shall give a series of parties this year, and ask Lord Fitzwarrene to every one. Not that it is very easy to get him, my child. There is nobody so difficult as Lord Fitzwarrene. That is quite right. Men should always be difficult. I cannot bear men who come and dine with you when you want them."

"What a charming place is Ducie!" sighed Mrs. Montgomrry Floyd to Mr. Temple. "The country is so delightful."

"But you would not like to live in the country only," said Mr. Temple.

"Ah! you do not know me!" sighed the

sentimental Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "If you only knew how I loved flowers!—I wish you could but see my conservatory in Park-lane!"

"And how did you find Bath this year, Lady Bellair?" inquired Miss Temple.

"Oh! my dear, I met a charming man there. I forget his name, but the most distinguished person I ever met; so very handsome, so very witty, and with blood in his veins, only I forget his name, and it is a very good name, too. My dear," addressing herself to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, "tell me the name of my favourite."

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd looked a little puzzled. "My great favourite!" exclaimed the irritated Lady Bellair, rapping her fan against the sofa. "Oh! why do you not remember names! I love people who remember names. My favourite, my Bath favourite. What is his name? He is to dine with me in town. What is the name of my Bath favourite who is certainly to dine with me in town."

"Do you mean Captain Armine?" inquired

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. Miss Temple turned quite pale. "That is the man," said Lady Bellair. "Oh! such a charming man. You shall marry him, my dear, you shall not marry Lord Fitzwarrene."

"But you forget he is going to be married," said Mrs. Montgomery Floyd.

Miss Temple tried to rise, but she could not. She held down her head. She felt the fever in her check. "Is our engagement, then, so notorious!" she thought to herself.

"Ah! yes, I forgot he was going to be married," said Lady Bellair. "Well, then, it must be Lord Fitzwarrene. Besides, Captain Armine is not rich, but he has got a very fine place though, and I will go and stop there some day. And, besides, he is over head-and-ears in debt, so they say. However, he is going to marry a very rich woman, and so all will be right. I like old families in decay, to get round again."

Henrietta dreaded that her father should observe her confusion; she had recourse to

every art to prevent it. "Dear Ferdinand," she thought to herself, "thy very rich wife will bring thee, I fear, but a poor dower. Ah! would he were here!"

"Who is Captain Armine going to marry?" inquired Mr. Temple.

"Oh! a very proper person," said Lady Bellair. "I forget her name. Miss Twoshoes, or something. What is her name, my dear?"

"You mean Miss Grandison, madam?" responded Mrs. Montgomery Floyd.

"To be sure, Miss Grandison, the great heiress. The only one left of the Grandisons. I knew her grandfather. He was my son's schoolfellow."

"Captain Armine is a near neighbour of ours," said Mr. Temple.

"Oh! you know him," said Lady Bellair. "Is not he charming?"

"Are you certain he is going to be married to Miss Grandison?" inquired Mr. Temple.

"Oh! there is no doubt in the world," said

Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "Everything is quite settled. My most particular friend, Lady Julia Harteville, is to be one of the bridesmaids. I have seen all the presents. Both the families are at Bath at this very moment. I saw the happy pair together every day. They are related, you know. It is an excellent match, for the Armines have great estates, mortgaged to the very last pound. I have heard that Sir Ratcliffe Armine has not a thousand a-year he can call his own. We are all so pleased," added Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, as if she were quite one of the family. "Is not it delightful?"

"They are to be married next month," said Lady Bellair. "I did not quite make the match, but I did something. I love the Grandisons, because Lord Grandison was my son's friend fifty years ago."

"I never knew a person so pleased as Lady Armine is," continued Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "The truth is, Captain Armine has been very wild, very wild indeed; a little of a roué; but

then such a fine young man, so very handsome, so truly distinguished, as Lady Bellair says, what could you expect? But he has sown his wild oats now. They have been engaged these six months—ever since he came from abroad. He has been at Bath all the time, except for a fortnight or so, when he went to his place to make the necessary preparations. We all so missed him. Captain Armine was quite the life of Bath. I am almost ashamed to repeat what was said of him," added Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, blushing through her rouge; "but they said every woman was in love with him."

"Fortunate man!" said Mr. Temple, bowing, but with a grave expression.

"And he says, he is only going to marry, because he is wearied of conquests," continued Mrs. Montgomery Floyd; "how impertinent, is not it? But Captain Armine says such things! He is quite a privileged person at Bath!"

Miss Temple rose and left the room. When

the hour of general retirement had arrived, she had not returned. Her maid brought a message that her mistress was not very well, and offered her excuses for not again descending.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MR. TEMPLE PAYS A VISIT TO HIS DAUGHTER'S CHAMBER.

HENRIETTA, when she quitted the room, never stopped until she had gained her own chamber. She had no light, but a straggling moonbeam revealed sufficient. She threw herself upon her bed, choked with emotion. She was incapable of thought; a chaos of wild images flitted over her brain. Thus had she remained, perchance an hour, with scarcely self-consciousness, when her servant entered with a light to arrange her chamber, and nearly shrieked when, on turning round, she beheld her mistress.

This intrusion impressed upon Miss Temple the absolute necessity of some exertion, if only to preserve herself at this moment from renewed

interruptions. She remembered where she was, she called back with an effort some recollection of her guests, and she sent that message to her father, which we have already noticed. Then she was again alone. How she wished at that moment that she might ever be alone; that the form and shape of human being should no more cross her vision; that she might remain in this dark chamber until she died! There was no more joy for her; her sun was set, the lustre of her life was gone; the lute had lost its tone, the flower its perfume, the bird its airy wing. Ah! what a fleet, as well as fatal, tragedy! How swift upon her improvidence had come her heart-breaking pang! There was an end of faith, for he was faithless; there was an end of love, for love had betrayed her; there was an end of beauty, for beauty had been her bane. All that hitherto made life delightful, all the fine emotions, all the bright hopes, and the rare accomplishments of our nature, were dark delusions now, cruel mockeries, and false and cheating

phantoms! What humiliation! what despair! And he had seemed so true, so pure, so fond, so gifted! What—could it be—could it be that a few short weeks back this man had knelt to her, had adored her? And she had hung upon his accents, and lived in the light of his enraptured eyes, and pledged to him her heart, dedicated to him her life, devoted to him all her innocent and passionate affections, worshipped him as an idol! Why, what was life that it could bring upon its swift wing such dark, such agonising vicissitudes as these? It was not life—it was frenzy!

Some one knocked gently at her door. She did not answer—she feigned sleep. Yet the door opened—she felt, though her eyes were shut and her back turned, that there was a light in the room. A tender step approached her bed. It could be but one person—that person whom she had herself deceived. She knew it was her father.

Mr. Temple seated himself by her bedside;

he bent his head and pressed his lips upon her forehead. In her desolation some one still loved her. She could not resist the impulse—she held forth her hand without opening her eyes—her father held it clasped in his.

"Henrietta," he at length said, in a tone of peculiar sweetness.

"Oh! do not speak, my father. Do not speak. You alone have cause to reproach me. Spare me; spare your child."

"I came to console, not to reproach," said Mr. Temple. "But, if it please you, I will not speak; let me, however, remain."

"Father, we must speak. It relieves me even to confess my indiscretion, my fatal folly. Father, I feel—yet why, I know not—I feel that you know all!"

"I know much, my Henrietta, but I do not know all."

"And, if you knew all, you would not hate me?"

"Hate you, my Henrietta! These are

strange words to use to a father,—to a father, I would add, like me. No one can love you, Henrietta, as your father loves you; yet, speak to me not merely as a father; speak to me as your earliest, your best, your fondest, your most faithful friend."

She pressed his hand, but answer—that she could not.

"Henrietta, dearest, dearest Henrietta, answer me one question."

"I tremble, Sir."

"Then we will speak to-morrow."

"Oh! no, to-night, to-night. To-morrow may never come. There is no night for me; I cannot sleep. I should go mad if it were not for you. I will speak; I will answer any questions. My conscience is quite clear except to you; no one, no power on earth or heaven, can reproach me, except my father."

"He never will. But, dearest, tell me; summon up your courage to meet my question; are you engaged to this person?"

"I was."

"Positively engaged?"

"Long ere this I had supposed we should have claimed your sanction. He left me only to speak to his father."

"This may be the idle tattle of chattering women?"

"No, no," said Henrietta, in a voice of deep melancholy; "my fears had foreseen this dark reality. This week has been a very hell to me; and yet, I hoped, and hoped, and hoped. Oh! what a fool have I been!"

"I know this person was your constant companion in my absence; that you have corresponded with him. Has he written very recently?"

"Within two days."

"And his letters?"

"Have been of late most vague. Oh! my father; indeed, indeed I have not conducted myself so ill as you perhaps imagine. I shrunk from this secret engagement; I opposed, by

every argument in my power, this clandestine correspondence; but it was only for a week, a single week; and reasons, plausible and specious reasons, were plentiful. Alas! alas! all is explained now. All that was strange, mysterious, perplexed in his views and conduct, and which, when it crossed my mind, I dismissed with contempt—all is now too clear."

"Henrietta, he is unworthy of you."

"Hush! hush! dear father. An hour ago I loved him. Spare him, if you only wish to spare me."

"Cling to my heart, my child, my pure and faultless child! A father's love has comfort. Is it not so?"

"I feel it is; I feel calmer since you came and we have spoken. Father, I never can be happy again; my spirit is quite broken. And yet, I feel I have a heart now, which I thought I had not before you came. Dear, dear father," she said, rising and putting her arms round Mr. Temple's neck and leaning on his bosom, and

speaking in a sweet yet very mournful voice, "henceforth your happiness shall be mine. I will not disgrace you; you shall not see me grieve; I will atone, I will endeavour to atone, for my great sins, for sins they were, towards you."

"My child, the time will come when we shall remember this bitterness only as a lesson. But I know the human heart too well to endeavour to stem your sorrow now; I only came to soothe it. My blessing is upon you, my sweet child. Let us talk no more. Henrietta, do me one favour; let me send your maid to you. Try, my love, to sleep; try to compose yourself."

"These people,—to-morrow,—what shall I do?"

"Leave all to me. Keep your chamber until they have gone. You need appear no more."

"Oh! that no human being might again see me!"

"Hush! sweetest! that is not a wise wish.

Be calm; we shall yet be happy. To-morrow we will talk ; and so good night, my child, good night, my own Henrietta."

Mr. Temple left the room. He bid the maid go to her mistress in as calm a tone as if, indeed, her complaint had been only a headach ; and then he entered his own apartment. Over the mantle-piece was a portrait of his daughter, gay and smiling as the spring ; the room was adorned with her drawings. He drew the chair near the fire, and gazed for some time abstracted upon the flame, and then hid his weeping countenance in his hands. He sobbed convulsively.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH GLASTONBURY IS VERY MUCH ASTONISHED.

It was a gusty autumnal night; Glastonbury sat alone in his tower; every now and then the wind, amid a chorus of groaning branches, and hissing rain, dashed against his window, then its power seemed gradually lulled, and perfect stillness succeeded, until a low moan was heard again in the distance, which gradually swelled into storm. The countenance of the good old man was not so serene as usual. Occasionally his thoughts seemed to wander from the folio opened before him; and he fell into fits of reverie which impressed upon his visage an expression rather of anxiety than study.

The old man looked up to the portrait of

the unhappy Lady Armine, and heaved a deep sigh.

Were his thoughts of her, or of her child?

He closed his book, he replaced it upon its shelf, and taking from a cabinet an ancient crucifix of carved ivory, he bent down before the image of his Redeemer.

Even while he was buried in his devotions, praying perchance for the soul of that sinning yet sainted lady, whose memory was never absent from his thoughts, or the prosperity of that family to whom he had dedicated his faithful life, the noise of ascending footsteps was heard in the sudden stillness, and immediately a loud knocking at the door of his outer chamber.

Surprised at this unaccustomed interruption, Glastonbury rose, and inquired the object of his yet unseen visiter; but, on hearing a well-known voice, the door was instantly unbarred, and Ferdinand Armine, pale as a ghost, and deluged to the skin, appeared before him.

Glastonbury ushered his guest into his cell, replenished the fire, retrimmed the lamp, and placed Ferdinand in his own easy seat.

"My Ferdinand, you have surprised me; but you are wet, I fear thoroughly?"

"It matters not," said Captain Armine, in a hollow voice.

"From Bath?" enquired Glastonbury.

But his companion did not reply. At length he said, in a voice of utter wretchedness, "Glastonbury, you see before you the most miserable of human beings."

The good father started.

"Yes!" continued Ferdinand; "this is the end of all your care, all your affection, all your hopes, all your sacrifices. It is over, our house is fated, my life draws to an end."

"Speak, my Ferdinand," said Glastonbury, for his pupil seemed to have relapsed into moody silence; "speak to your friend and father. Disburden your mind of the weight that presses on

it. Life is never without hope, and while this remains," pointing to the crucifix, "never without consolation."

"I cannot speak; I know not what to say. My brain sinks under the effort. It is a wild, a complicated tale; it relates to feelings with which you cannot sympathise, thoughts that you cannot share. Oh, Glastonbury! there is no hope; there is no solace."

"Calm yourself, my Ferdinand; not merely as your friend, but as a priest of our holy church, I call upon you to speak to me. Even to me, the humblest of its ministers, is given a power that can sustain the falling and make whole the broken in spirit. Speak, and speak fearlessly; nor shrink from exposing the very inmost recesses of your breast, for I can sympathise with your passions, be they even as wild as I believe them."

Ferdinand turned his eyes from the fire, on which he was gazing, and shot a scrutinising

glance at his kind confessor, but the countenance of Glastonbury was placid, though serious.

"You remember," Ferdinand at length murmured, "that we met—we met unexpectedly—some six weeks back."

"I have not forgotten it," replied Glastonbury.

"There was a lady," Ferdinand continued in a hesitating tone.

"Whom I mistook for Miss Grandison," observed Glastonbury, "but who, it turned out, bore another name."

"You know it?"

"I know all; for her father has been here."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Ferdinand eagerly, starting from his seat, and seizing the hand of Glastonbury. "Only tell me where they are—only tell me where Henrietta is—and you will save me, Glastonbury. You will restore me to life, to hope, to heaven."

"I cannot," said Glastonbury, shaking his

head. "It is more than ten days ago that I saw this lady's father, for a few brief and painful moments; for what purpose your conscience may inform you. From the unexpected interview between ourselves in the gallery, my consequent misconception, and the conversation which it occasioned, I was not so unprepared for this interview with him as I otherwise might have been. Believe me, Ferdinand, I was as tender to your conduct as was consistent with my duty to my God and to my neighbour."

"You betrayed me, then," said Ferdinand.

"Ferdinand!" said Glastonbury, reproachfully, "I trust that I am free from deceit of any kind. In the present instance I had not even to communicate anything. Your own conduct had excited suspicion; some visiters from Bath, to this gentleman and his family, had revealed every thing; and, in deference to the claims of an innocent lady, I could not refuse to confirm what was no secret to the world in general—what was already known to them in particular;

what was not even doubted—and, alas! not dubitable."

"Oh! my father, pardon me, pardon me; pardon the only disrespectful expression that ever escaped the lips of your Ferdinand towards you; most humbly do I ask your forgiveness. But if you knew all——God! God! my heart is breaking. You have seen her, Glastonbury, you have seen her. Was there ever on earth a being like her? So beautiful, so highly-gifted—with a heart as fresh, as fragrant, as the dawn of Eden; and that heart mine—and all lost—all gone and lost. Oh! why am I alive?" He threw himself back in his chair, and covered his face, and wept.

"I would that deed or labour of mine could restore you both to peace," said Glastonbury, with streaming eyes.

"So innocent, so truly virtuous!" continued Ferdinand. "It seemed to me I never knew what virtue was till I knew her. So frank, so generous! I think I see her now, with that

dear smile of hers, that never more may welcome me!"

"My child, I know not what to say—I know not what advice to give—I know not what even to wish. Your situation is so complicated, so mysterious, that it passes my comprehension. There are others whose claims, whose feelings, should be considered. You are not, of course, married?"

Ferdinand shook his head.

"Does Miss Grandison know all?"

"Nothing."

"Your family?"

Ferdinand shook his head again.

"What do you yourself wish? What object are you aiming at? What game have you yourself been playing? I speak not in harshness; but I really do not understand what you have been about. If you have your grandfather's passions, you have his brain too. I did not ever suppose that you were 'infirm of purpose.'"

"I have only one wish, only one object. Since I first saw Henrietta, my heart and resolution have never for an instant faltered; and if I do not now succeed in them, I am determined not to live."

"The God of all goodness have mercy on this distracted house!" exclaimed Glastonbury, as he lifted his pious hands to heaven.

"You went to Bath to communicate this great change to your father," he continued. "Why did you not? Painful as the explanation must be to Miss Grandison, the injustice of your conduct towards her is aggravated by delay."

"There were reasons," said Ferdinand, "reasons which I never intended any one to know—but now I have no secrets. Dear Glastonbury, even amid all this overwhelming misery, my cheek burns when I confess to you that I have, and have had for years, private cares of my own, of no slight nature."

"Debts?" inquired Glastonbury.

"Debts," replied Ferdinand, "and considerable ones."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Glastonbury. "And this drove you to the marriage?"

"To that every worldly consideration impelled me: my heart was free then—in fact I did not know I had a heart, and I thought the marriage would make all happy. But now—as far as I am myself concerned—oh! I would sooner be the commonest peasant in this county, with Henrietta Temple for the partner of my life, than live at Armine with all the splendour of my ancestors."

"Honour be to them; they were great men," exclaimed Glastonbury.

"I am their victim," replied Ferdinand. "I owe my ancestors nothing—nay! worse than nothing, I owe them—"

"Hush! hush!" said Glastonbury. "If only for my sake, Ferdinand, be silent."

"For yours, then, not for theirs."

"But why did you remain at Bath?" inquired Glastonbury.

"I had not been there more than a day or two, when my principal creditor came down from town and menaced me. He had a power of attorney from an usurer at Malta, and talked of applying to the Horse Guards. The report that I was going to marry an heiress had kept these fellows quiet; but the delay, and my absence from Bath, had excited his suspicion. Instead, therefore, of coming to an immediate explanation with Katherine, brought about, as I had intended, by my coldness and neglect, I was obliged to be constantly seen with her in public, to prevent myself from being arrested. Yet I wrote to Ducie daily. I had confidence in my energy and skill. I thought that Henrietta might be for a moment annoyed or suspicious; I thought, however, she would be supported by the fervour of my love—I anticipated no other evil. Who could have supposed that these infernal visiters would have come at such a moment to this retired spot!"

"And now, is all known now?" inquired Glastonbury.

"Nothing," replied Ferdinand, "the difficulty of my position was so great, that I was about to cut the knot, by quitting Bath and leaving a letter addressed to Katherine confessing all. But the sudden silence of Henrietta drove me mad. Day after day elapsed; two, three, four, five, six days, and I heard nothing. The moon was bright, —the mail was just going off. I yielded to an irresistible impulse. I bid adieu to no one. I jumped in. I was in London only ten minutes. I dashed to Ducie. It was deserted; an old woman told me the family had gone, had utterly departed. She knew not where, but she thought for foreign parts. I sank down, I tottered to a seat in that hall where I had been so happy. Then it flashed across my mind, that I might discover their course and pursue them. I hurried to the nearest posting town. I found out their route. I lost it for ever at the next stage. The clue was gone; it was market-day, and, in a

great city, where horses are changed every minute, there is so much confusion, that my inquiries were utterly baffled. And here I am, Mr. Glastonbury," added Ferdinand, with a kind of mad smile. "I have travelled four days, I have not slept a wink, I have tasted no food; but I have drank, I have drank well. Here I am, and I have half a mind to set fire to that cursed pile, called Armine Castle, for my funeral pyre."

"Ferdinand, you are not well," said Mr. Glastonbury, grasping his hand. "You need rest. You must retire; indeed you must. I must be obeyed. My bed is yours."

"No! Let me go to my own room," murmured Ferdinand, in a faint voice. "That room where my mother said the day would come—oh! what did my mother say? Would there were only mother's love, and then I should not be here or thus."

"I pray you, my child, rest here."

"No! Let us to the Place. For an hour; I

shall not sleep more than an hour. I am off again directly the storm is over. If it had not been for this cursed rain, I should have caught them. And yet, perhaps they are in countries where there is no rain. Ah! who would believe what happens in this world? Not I for one. Now! give me your arm. Good Glastonbury! you are always the same. You seem to me the only thing in the world that is unchanged."

Glastonbury, with an air of great tenderness and anxiety, led his former pupil down the stairs. The weather was more calm. There were some dark blue rifts in the black sky, which revealed a star or two. Ferdinand said nothing in their progress to the Place except once, when he looked up to the sky, and said, as it were to himself, "She loved the stars.'

Glastonbury had some difficulty in rousing the man and his wife, who were the inmates of the Place; but it was not very late, and, fortunately, they had not retired for the night.

Lights were brought into Lady Armine's drawing-room. Glastonbury led Ferdinand to a sofa, on which he rather permitted others to place him than seated himself. He took no notice of anything that was going on, but remained with his eyes open, gazing feebly with a rather vacant air.

Then the good Glastonbury looked to the arrangement of his sleeping-room, drawing the curtains, seeing that the bed was well aired and warmed, and himself adding blocks to the wood fire which soon kindled. Nor did he forget to prepare, with the aid of the good woman, some hot potion that might soothe and comfort his stricken and exhausted charge, who in this moment of distress and desolation had come as it were and thrown himself on the bosom of his earliest friend. When all was arranged, Glastonbury descended to Ferdinand, whom he found in exactly the same position as that in which he left him. He offered no resistance to the invitation of Glastonbury to retire to his chamber.

He neither moved nor spoke, and yet seemed aware of all they were doing. Glastonbury and the stout serving-man bore him to his chamber, relieved him from his wet garments, and placed him in his earliest bed. When Glastonbury bade him good night, Ferdinand faintly pressed his hand, but did not speak; and it was remarkable, that while he passively submitted to their undressing him, and seemed incapable of affording them the slightest aid, yet he thrust forth his hand to guard a lock of dark hair that was placed next to his heart.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH GLASTONBURY FINDS THAT A SERENE TEMPER DOES NOT ALWAYS BRING A SERENE LIFE.

Those quiet slumbers, that the regular life and innocent heart of the good Glastonbury generally ensured, were sadly broken this night, as he lay awake meditating over the distracted fortunes of the house of Armine. They seemed now indeed to be most turbulent and clouded; and that brilliant and happy future, in which of late he had so fondly indulged, offered nothing but gloom and disquietude. Nor was it indeed the menaced disruption of those ties whose consummation was to restore the greatness and splendour of the family, and all the pain and disappointment and mortification and misery

that must be its consequence, that alone made him sorrowful. Glastonbury had a reverence for that passion which sheds such a lustre over existence, and is the pure and prolific source of much of our better conduct; the time had been when he, too, had loved, and with a religious sanctity worthy of his character and office; he had been for a long life the silent and hopeless votary of a passion almost ideal, yet happy though "he never told his love;" and, indeed, although the unconscious mistress of his affections had been long removed from that world where his fidelity was almost her only comfort, that passion had not waned, and the feelings that had been inspired by her presence were now cherished by her memory. His tender and romantic nature, which his venerable grey hairs had neither dulled nor hardened, made him deeply sympathise with his unhappy pupil; the radiant image of Henrietta Temple, too, vividly impressed on his memory as it was, rose up before him; he recollected his joy that the

chosen partner of his Ferdinand's bosom should be worthy of her destiny; he thought of this fair creature, perchance in solitude and sickness, a prey to the most mortifying and miserable emotions, with all her fine and generous feelings thrown back upon herself; deeming herself deceived, deserted, outraged, where she had looked for nothing but fidelity, and fondness, and support; losing all confidence in the world and the world's ways; but recently so lively with expectation and airy with enjoyment, and now aimless, hopeless, wretched—perhaps broken-hearted.

The tears trickled down the pale cheek of Glastonbury, as he revolved in his mind these mournful thoughts; and almost unconsciously he wrung his hands as he felt his utter want of power to remedy these sad and piteous circumstances. Yet he was not absolutely hopeless. There was ever open to the pious Glastonbury one perennial source of trust and consolation. This was a fountain that was ever fresh and

sweet, and he took refuge from the world's harsh courses and exhausting cares in its salutary flow and its refreshing shade; when, kneeling before his crucifix, he commended the unhappy Ferdinand and his family to the superintending care of a merciful Omnipotence.

The morning brought fresh anxieties. Glastonbury was at the Place at an early hour, and found Ferdinand in a high state of fever. He had not slept an instant, was very excited, talked of departing immediately, and rambled in his discourse. Glastonbury blamed himself for having left him for a moment, and resolved to do so no more. He endeavoured to soothe him; assured him that if he would be calm, all would yet go well; that they would consult together what was best to be done; and that he would make inquiries after the Temple family. In the meantime he despatched the servant for the most eminent physician of the county; but, as hours must necessarily elapse before his arrival, the difficulty of keeping Ferdinand still was

very great. Talk he would, and of nothing but Henrietta. It was really agonising to listen to his frantic appeals to Glastonbury, to exert himself to discover her abode; yet Glastonbury never left his side; and with promises, expressions of confidence, and the sway of an affected calmness—for in truth dear Glastonbury was scarcely less agitated than his patient—Ferdinand was prevented from rising, and the physician at length arrived.

After examining Ferdinand, with whom he remained a very short space, this gentleman quietly invited Glastonbury to descend below, and they left the patient in the charge of the servant.

"This is a bad case," said the physician.

"Almighty God preserve him!" exclaimed the agitated Glastonbury. "Tell me the worst!"

"Where are Sir Radcliffe and Lady Armine?"

"At Bath."

"They must be sent for instantly."

"Is there any hope?"

"There is hope; that is all. I shall now bleed him copiously, and then blister; but I can do little. We must trust to nature. I am afraid of the brain. I cannot account for his state by his getting wet, or his rapid travelling. Has he anything on his mind?"

"Much," said Glastonbury.

The physician shook his head.

"It is a precious life!" said Glastonbury, seizing his arm. "My dear doctor, you must not leave us."

They returned to the bedchamber.

"Captain Armine," said the physician, taking his hand and seating himself on the bed, "you have a bad cold and some fever—I think we should lose a little blood."

"Can I leave Armine to-day, if I am blooded?" inquired Ferdinand, eagerly. "For go I must."

"I would not move to-day," said the physician.

"I must, indeed I must. Mr. Glastonbury will tell you I must."

"If you set off early to-morrow, you will get over as much ground in four-and-twenty hours as if you went this evening," said the physician, fixing the bandage on the arm as he spoke, and nodding to Mr. Glastonbury to prepare the basin.

"To-morrow morning?" said Ferdinand.

"Yes, to-morrow," said the physician, opening his lancet.

"Are you sure that I shall be able to set off to-morrow?" said Ferdinand.

"Quite," said the physician, opening the vein.

The dark blood flowed sullenly; the physician exchanged an anxious glance with Glastonbury; at length the arm was bandaged up, a composing draught, with which the physician had been prepared, given to his patient, and the doctor and Glastonbury withdrew. The former now left Armine for three hours, and Glaston-

bury prepared himself for his painful office of communicating to the parents the imminent danger of their only child.

Never had a more difficult task devolved upon an individual than that which now fell to the lot of the good Glastonbury in conducting the affairs of a family labouring under such remarkable misconceptions as to the position and views of its various members. It immediately occurred to him, that it was highly probable that Miss Grandison, at such a crisis, would chose to accompany the parents of her intended husband. What incident, under the present circumstances, could be more awkward and more painful? Yet how to prevent its occurrence? How crude to communicate the real state of such affairs at any time by letter! How impossible at the moment he was preparing the parents for the alarming, perhaps fatal, illness of their child, to enter on such subjects at all, much more when the very revelation, at a moment which required all their energy and promptitude, would only be occa-

sioning at Bath scenes scarcely less distracting and disastrous than those occurring at Armine. It was clearly impossible to enter into any details at present ; and yet Glastonbury, while he penned the sorrowful lines, and softened the sad communication with his sympathy, added a somewhat sly postscript, wherein he impressed upon Lady Armine the advisability, for various reasons, that she should only be accompanied by her husband.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH FERDINAND ARMINE IS MUCH CONCERNED.

The contingency which Glastonbury feared, surely happened. Miss Grandison insisted upon immediately rushing to her Ferdinand; and as the maiden aunt was still an invalid, and was quite incapable of enduring the fatigues of a rapid and anxious journey, she was left behind. Within a few hours of the receipt of Glastonbury's letter, Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine, and their niece, were on their way. They found letters from Glastonbury in London, which made them travel to Armine, even through the night.

In spite of all his remedies, the brain fever which the physician foresaw, had occurred; and when his family arrived, the life of Ferdinand

was not only in danger, but desperate. It was impossible even that the parents could see their child, and no one was allowed to enter his chamber but his nurse, the physician, and occasionally Glastonbury; for this name, with others less familiar to the household, sounded so often on the frenzied lips of the sufferer, that it was recommended that Glastonbury should often be at his bedside. Yet he must leave it, to receive the wretched Sir Ratcliffe and his wife, and their disconsolate companion. Never was so much unhappiness congregated together under one roof; and yet, perhaps, Glastonbury, though the only one who retained the least command over himself, was, with his sad secret, the most woe-begone of the tribe.

As for Lady Armine, she sat without the door of her son's chamber the whole day and night, clasping a crucifix in her hands; nor would she ever undress, or lie down, except upon a sofa which was placed for her, but was absorbed in silent prayer. Sir Ratcliffe remained below,

prostrate. The unhappy Katherine in vain offered the consolation she herself so needed; and would have wandered about that Armine of which she had heard so much, and where she was to have been so happy, a forlorn and solitary being, had it not been for the attentions of the considerate Glastonbury, who embraced every opportunity of being her companion. His patience, his heavenly resignation, his pious hope, his vigilant care, his spiritual consolation, occasionally even the gleams of agreeable converse with which he attempted to divert her brooding mind, consoled and maintained her. How often did she look at his benignant countenance, and not wonder that the Armines were so attached to this engaging and devoted friend!

For three days did this unhappy family expect in terrible anticipation that each moment would witness the last event in the life of their son. His distracted voice caught too often the vigilant and agonised ear of his mother; yet she gave

no evidence of the pang, except by clasping her crucifix with increased energy. She had promised the physician that she would command herself, that no sound should escape her lips, and she rigidly fulfilled the contract on which she was permitted to remain.

On the eve of the fourth day Ferdinand, who had never yet closed his eyes, but who had become, during the last twelve hours, somewhat more composed, fell into a slumber. The physician lightly dropped the hand which he had scarcely ever quitted, and, stealing out of the room, beckoned, his finger pressed to his lip, to Lady Armine to follow him. Assured by the symbol that the worst had not yet happened, she followed the physician to the end of the gallery, and he then told her that immediate danger was past. Lady Armine swooned in his arms.

"And now, my dear madam," said the physician to her, when she had revived, "you must breathe some fresh air. Oblige me by descending."

Lady Armine no longer refused; she repaired with a slow step to Sir Ratcliffe; she leant upon her husband's breast as she murmured to him her hopes. They went forth together. Katherine and Glastonbury were in the garden. The appearance of Lady Armine gave them hopes. There was a faint smile on her face which needed not words to explain it. Katherine sprang forward, and threw her arms round her aunt's neck.

"He may be saved, he may be saved," whispered the mother; for in this hushed house of impending death they had lost almost the power, as well as the habit, of speaking in any other tone.

"He sleeps," said the physician; "all present danger is past."

"It is too great joy," murmured Katherine; and Glastonbury advanced and caught in his arms her insensible form.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH FERDINAND BEGINS TO GET A LITTLE TROUBLESOME.

From the moment of this happy slumber, Ferdinand continued to improve. Each day the bulletin was more favourable, until his progress, though slow, was declared certain, and even relapse was no longer apprehended. But his physician would not allow him to see any one of his family. It was at night, and during his slumbers, that Lady Armine stole into his room to gaze upon her beloved child; and, if he moved even in the slightest degree, faithful to her promise and the injunction of the physician, she instantly glided behind his curtain, or a large Indian screen which she had placed there purposely. Often, indeed, did she remain in this

fond lurking place, silent and trembling, when her child was even awake, listening to every breath, and envying the nurse, that might gaze on him undisturbed; nor would she allow any sustenance that he was ordered, to be prepared by any but her own fair, fond hands; and she brought it herself even to his door. For Ferdinand himself, though his replies to the physician satisfactorily attested the healthy calmness of his mind, he indeed otherwise never spoke, but lay on his bed without repining, and seemingly plunged in mild and pensive abstraction. At length, one morning he inquired for Glastonbury, who, with the sanction of the physician, immediately attended him.

When he met the eye of that faithful friend, he tried to extend his hand. It was so wan, that Glastonbury trembled while he touched it.

"I have given you much trouble," he said, in a faint voice.

"I think only of the happiness of your recovery," said Glastonbury.

"Yes, I am recovered," murmured Ferdinand; "it was not my wish."

"Oh! be grateful to God for this great mercy, my Ferdinand."

"You have heard nothing?" inquired Ferdinand.

Glastonbury shook his head.

"Fear not to speak; I can struggle no more. I am resigned. I am very much changed."

"You will be happy, dear Ferdinand," said Glastonbury, to whom this mood gave hopes.

"Never," he said, in a more energetic tone. "Never."

"There are so many that love you," said Glastonbury, leading his thoughts to his family.

"Love!" exclaimed Ferdinand, with a sigh, and in a tone almost reproachful.

"Your dear mother," said Glastonbury.

"Yes! my dear mother," replied Ferdinand, musingly. Then in a quicker tone. "Does she know of my illness? Did you write to them?"

"She knows of it."

"She will be coming then. I dread her coming. I can bear to see no one. You, dear Glastonbury, you—it is a consolation to see you, because you have seen"—and here his voice faltered—"you have seen ——— her."

"My Ferdinand, think only of your health; and happiness, believe me, will yet be yours."

"If you could only find out where she is," continued Ferdinand, "and go to her. Yes! my dear Glastonbury, good, dear Glastonbury, go to her," he added in an imploring tone; "she would believe you; every one believes you. I cannot go, I am powerless; and if I went, alas! she would not believe me."

"It is my wish to do every thing you desire," said Glastonbury, "I should be content to be ever labouring for your happiness. But I can do nothing unless you are calm."

"I am calm; I will be calm; I will act entirely as you wish. Only I beseech you see her."

"On that head let us at present say no more,"

replied Glastonbury, who feared that excitement might lead to relapse; yet anxious to soothe him, he added, "Trust in my humble services ever, and in the bounty of a merciful Providence."

"I have had dreadful dreams," said Ferdinand. "I thought I was in a farm-house; every thing was so clear, so vivid. Night after night she seemed to me sitting on this bed. I touched her, her hand was in mine, it was so burning hot! Once, oh! once, once I thought she had forgiven me!"

"Hush! hush! hush!"

"No more: we will speak of her no more. When comes my mother?"

"You may see her to-morrow, or the day after."

"Ah! Glastonbury, she is here."

"She is."

"Is she alone?"

"Your father is with her."

"My mother and my father. It is well."

Then after a minute's pause he added with some earnestness, "Do not deceive me, Glastonbury; see what deceit has brought me to. Are you sure that they are quite alone?"

"There are none here but your dearest friends; none whose presence should give you the slightest care."

"There is one," said Ferdinand.

"Dear Ferdinand, let me now leave you, or sit by your side in silence. To-morrow you will see your mother."

"To-morrow! Ah! to-morrow. Once to me to-morrow was brighter even than to-day." He turned his back and spoke no more: Glastonbury glided out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINING THE INTIMATION OF A SOMEWHAT MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.

It was absolutely necessary that Lady Armine's interview with her son should be confined merely to observations about his health. Any allusion to the past might not only produce a relapse of his fever, but occasion explanations, at all times most painful, but at the present full of difficulty and danger. It was therefore with feelings of no common anxiety, that Glastonbury prepared the mother for this first visit to her son, and impressed upon her the absolute necessity of not making any allusion at present to Miss Grandison, and especially to her presence in the house. He even made for this purpose a sort of half-confidant of the physician,

who, in truth, had heard enough during the fever to excite his suspicions; but this is a class of men essentially discreet, and it is well, for few are the family secrets ultimately concealed from them.

The interview occurred without any disagreeable results. The next day, Ferdinand saw his father for a few minutes. In a few days, Lady Armine was established as nurse to her son; Sir Ratcliffe, easy in mind, amused himself with his sports; and Glastonbury devoted himself to Miss Grandison. The intimacy, indeed, between the tutor of Ferdinand and his intended bride became daily more complete, and Glastonbury was almost her inseparable companion. She found him a very interesting one. He was the most agreeable guide amid all the haunts of Armine and its neighbourhood, and drove her delightfully in Lady Armine's pony phaeton. He could share, too, all her pursuits, and open to her many new ones. Though time had stolen something of its force from the voice of Adrian

Glastonbury, it still was wondrous sweet; his musical accomplishments were complete; and he could guide the pencil or prepare the herbal, and indite fair stanzas in his fine Italian handwriting in a lady's album. All his collections, too, were at Miss Grandison's service. She handled with rising curiosity his medals, copied his choice drawings, and even began to study heraldry. His interesting conversation, his mild and benignant manners, his captivating simplicity, and the elegant purity of his mind, secured her confidence and won her heart. She loved him as a father, and he soon exercised over her an influence almost irresistible.

Every morning as soon as he awoke, every evening before he composed himself again for his night's repose, Ferdinand sent for Glastonbury, and always saw him alone. At first he requested his mother to leave the room, but Lady Armine, who attributed these regular visits to a spiritual cause, scarcely needed the expression of this desire. His first questions to

Glastonbury were ever the same. "Had he heard anything? Were there any letters? He thought there might be a letter—was he sure? Had he sent to Bath—to London—for his letters?" When he was answered in the negative, he usually dwelt no more upon the subject. One morning he said to Glastonbury, "I know Katherine is in the house."

"Miss Grandison *is* here," replied Glastonbury.

"Why don't they mention her? Is all known?"

"Nothing is known," said Glastonbury.

"Why don't they mention her, then? Are you sure all is not known?"

"At my suggestion, her name has not been mentioned. I was unaware how you might receive the intelligence; but the true cause of my suggestion is still a secret."

"I must see her," said Ferdinand, "I must speak to her."

"You can see her when you please," replied Glastonbury; "but I would not speak upon the great subject at present."

"But she is existing all this time under a delusion. Every day makes my conduct to her more infamous."

"Miss Grandison is a wise and most admirable young lady," said Glastonbury. "I love her from the bottom of my heart; I would recommend no conduct that could injure her, assuredly none that can disgrace you."

"Dear Glastonbury, what shall I do?"

"Be silent; the time will come when you may speak. At present, however anxious she may be to see you, there are plausible reasons for your not meeting. Be patient, my Ferdinand."

"Good Glastonbury, good, dear Glastonbury, I am too quick and fretful. Pardon me, dear friend. You know not what I feel. Thank God you do not; but my heart is broken."

When Glastonbury returned to the library, he found Sir Ratcliffe playing with his dogs, and Miss Grandison copying a drawing.

"How is Ferdinand?" inquired the father.

"He mends daily," replied Glastonbury. "If only May-day were at hand instead of Christmas, he would soon be himself again; but I dread the winter."

"And yet the sun shines?" said Miss Grandison.

Glastonbury went to the window and looked at the sky. "I think, my dear lady, we might almost venture upon our promised excursion to the Abbey to-day. Such a day as this may not quickly be repeated. We might take our sketch book."

"It would be delightful," said Miss Grandison; "but before I go, I must pick some flowers for Ferdinand." So saying, she sprang from her seat, and ran out into the garden.

"Kate is a sweet creature," said Sir Ratcliffe to Glastonbury. "Ah! my dear Glastonbury,

you know not what happiness I experience in the thought that she will soon be my daughter."

Glastonbury could not refrain from sighing. He took up the pencil and touched her drawing.

"Do you know, dear Glastonbury," resumed Sir Ratcliffe, "I had little hope in our late visitation. I cannot say I had prepared myself for the worst, but I anticipated it. We have had so much unhappiness in our family, that I could not persuade myself that the cup was not going to be dashed from our lips."

"God is merciful," said Glastonbury.

"You are his minister, dear Glastonbury, and a worthy one. I know not what we should have done without you in this awful trial; but, indeed, what could I have done throughout life without you?"

"Let us hope that everything is for the best," said Glastonbury.

"And his mother, his poor mother—what would have become of her? She never could have survived his loss. As for myself, I would

have quitted England for ever, and gone into a monastery."

"Let us only remember that he lives," said Glastonbury.

"And that we shall soon all be happy," said Sir Ratcliffe, in a more animated tone. "The future is, indeed, full of solace. But we must take care of him; he is too rapid in his movements. He has my father's blood in him, that is clear. I never could well make out why he left Bath so suddenly, and rushed down in so strange a manner to this place."

"Youth is impetuous," said Glastonbury.

"It was lucky you were here, Glastonbury."

"I thank God that I was," said Glastonbury, earnestly; then checking himself, he added—"that I have been of any use."

"You are always of use. What should we do without you? I should long ago have sunk. Ah! Glastonbury, God in his mercy sent you to us."

"See here," said Katherine, entering, her fair

cheek glowing with animation ; "only dahlias, but they will look pretty, and enliven his room. Oh ! that I might write him a little word, and tell him I am here ! Do not you think I might, Mr. Glastonbury ?"

"He will know that you are here to-day," said Glastonbury. "To-morrow———"

"Ah ! you always postpone it," said Miss Grandison, in a tone half playful, half reproachful ; "and yet it is selfish to murmur. It is for his good that I bear this bereavement, and that thought should console me. Heigho !"

Sir Ratcliffe stepped forward and kissed his niece. Glastonbury was busied on the drawing : he turned away his face, for a tear was trickling down his cheek.

Sir Ratcliffe took up his gun. "God bless you, dear Kate," he said ; "a pleasant drive and a choice sketch. We shall meet at dinner."

"At dinner, dear uncle ; and better sport than yesterday."

"Ha ! ha !" said Sir Ratcliffe. "But Armine

is not like Grandison. If I were in the old preserves, you should have no cause to sneer at my sportsmanship."

Miss Grandison's good wishes were prophetic: Sir Ratcliffe found excellent sport, and returned home very late, and in capital spirits. It was the dinner hour, and yet Katherine and Glastonbury had not returned. He was rather surprised. The shades of evening were fast descending, and the distant lawns of Armine were already invisible; the low moan of the rising wind might be just distinguished; and the coming night promised to be raw and cloudy, perhaps tempestuous. Sir Ratcliffe stood before the crackling fire in the dining-room, otherwise in darkness—but the flame threw a bright yet glancing light upon the Snyders, so that the figures seemed really to move in the shifting shades, the eye of the infuriate boar almost to emit sparks of rage, and there wanted but the shouts of the huntsmen and the panting of the dogs to complete the tumult of the chace.

Just as Sir Ratcliffe was anticipating some mischance to his absent friends, and was about to steal upon tiptoe to Lady Armine, who was with Ferdinand, to consult her, the practised ear of a man who lived much in the air caught the distant sound of wheels, and he went out to welcome them.

"Why, you are late," said Sir Ratcliffe, as the phaeton approached the house. "All right I hope?"

He stepped forward to assist Miss Grandison. The darkness of the evening prevented him from observing her swollen eyes and agitated countenance. She sprang out of the carriage in silence, and immediately ran up into her room. As for Glastonbury, he only observed it was very cold, and entered the house with Sir Ratcliffe.

"This fire is hearty," said Glastonbury, warming himself before it; "you have had good sport, I hope? We are not to wait dinner for Miss Grandison, Sir Ratcliffe. She will not come down this evening; she is not very well."

"Not very well! Ah! the cold, I fear. You have been very imprudent in staying so late. I must run and tell Lady Armine."

"Oblige me, I pray, by not doing so," said Glastonbury; "Miss Grandison most particularly requested that she should not be disturbed."

It was with some difficulty that Glastonbury could contrive that Miss Grandison's wishes should be complied with; but at length he succeeded in getting Sir Ratcliffe to sit down to dinner, and affecting a cheerfulness which was, indeed, far from his spirit, the hour of ten at length arrived, and Glastonbury, before retiring to his tower, paid his evening visit to Ferdinand.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE FAMILY PERPLEXITIES RATHER INCREASE THAN DIMINISH.

If ever there were a man who deserved a serene and happy life, it was Adrian Glastonbury. He had pursued a long career without injuring or offending a human being; his character and conduct were alike spotless; he was void of guile; he had never told a falsehood, never been entangled in the slightest deceit; he was very easy in his circumstances; he had no relations to prey upon his purse or his feelings; and, though alone in the world, was blessed with such a sweet and benignant temper, gifted with so many resources, and adorned with so many accomplishments, that he appeared to be always employed, amused, and content. And yet by a

strange contrariety of events, it appeared that this excellent person had become placed in a situation which is generally the consequence of impetuous passions not very scrupulous in obtaining their ends. That breast, which heretofore would have shrunk from being analysed only from the refined modesty of its nature, had now become the depository of terrible secrets; the day could scarcely pass over without finding him in a position which rendered equivocation on his part almost a necessity; while all the anxieties inseparable from pecuniary embarrassments were forced upon his attention, and his feelings were racked from sympathy with individuals who were bound to him by no other tie, but to whose welfare he felt himself engaged to sacrifice all his pursuits, and devote all his time and labour. And yet he did not murmur, although he had scarcely hope to animate him. In whatever light he viewed coming events, they appeared ominous only of evil. All that he aimed at now was to soothe and support, and it was his unshaken

confidence in Providence that alone forbad him to despair.

When he repaired to the Place in the morning, he found every thing in confusion. Miss Grandison was very unwell; and Lady Armine, frightened by the recent danger from which they had escaped, very alarmed. She could no longer conceal from Ferdinand that his Katherine was here, and perhaps Lady Armine was somewhat surprised at the calmness with which her son received the intelligence. But Miss Grandison was not only very unwell, but very obstinate. She would not leave her room, but insisted that no medical advice should be called in. Lady Armine protested, supplicated, adjured; Miss Grandison appealed to Mr. Glastonbury; and Glastonbury, who was something of a physician, was called in, and was obliged to assure Lady Armine that Miss Grandison was only suffering from a cold, and only required repose. A very warm friendship subsisted between Lady Armine and her niece. She had always been Katherine's

favourite aunt, and during the past year there had been urgent reasons why Lady Armine should have cherished this predisposition in her favour. Lady Armine was a very fascinating person, and all her powers had been employed to obtain an influence over the heiress. They had been quite successful. Miss Grandison looked forward almost with as much pleasure to being Lady Armine's daughter as her son's bride. The intended mother-in-law was in turn as warm-hearted as her niece was engaging; and eventually Lady Armine loved Katherine, not merely because she was to marry her son, and make his fortune.

In a few days, however, Miss Grandison announced she was quite recovered, and Lady Armine again devoted her unbroken attention to her son, who was now about to rise for the first time from his bed. But, although Miss Grandison was no longer an invalid, it is quite certain that if the attention of the other members of the family had not been so entirely engrossed,

that a very great change in her behaviour could not have escaped their notice. Her flowers and drawings seemed to have lost their relish; her gaiety to have deserted her. She passed a great portion of the morning in her room, and although it was announced to her that Ferdinand was aware of her being an inmate of the Place, and that in a day or two they might meet, she scarcely evinced, at this prospect of resuming his society, as much gratification as might have been expected; and though she daily took care that his chamber should still be provided with flowers, it might have been remarked that the note she had been so anxious to send him, was never written. But how much, under the commonest course of circumstances, happens in all domestic circles, that is never observed, or never remarked, till the observation is too late!

At length the day arrived when Lady Armine invited her niece to visit her son. Miss Grandison expressed her readiness to accompany her aunt, but took an opportunity of requesting

Glastonbury to join them; and all three proceeded to the chamber of the invalid.

The white curtain of the room was drawn, but though the light was softened, the apartment was by no means obscure. Ferdinand was sitting in an easy chair, supported by pillows. A black handkerchief was just twined round his forehead, for his head had been shaved, except a few curls on the side and front, which looked stark and lustreless. He was so thin and pale, and his eyes and cheeks were so wan and hollow, that it was scarcely credible that in so short a space of time a man could have become such a wreck. When he saw Katherine he involuntarily dropped his eyes, but extended his hand to her with some effort of earnestness. She was almost as pale as he, but she took his hand. It was so light and cold, it felt so much like death, that the tears stole down her cheek.

"You hardly know me, Katherine," said Ferdinand, very feebly. "This is good of you to visit a sick man."

Miss Grandison could not reply, and Lady Armine made an observation to break the awkward pause.

"And how do you like Armine?" said Ferdinand. "I wish that I could be your guide. But Glastonbury is so kind!"

A hundred times Miss Grandison tried to reply, to speak, to make the commonest observation, but it was in vain. She grew paler every moment; her lips moved, but they sent forth no sound.

"Kate is not well," said Lady Armine. "She has been very unwell. This visit," she added in a whisper to Ferdinand, "is a little too much for her."

Ferdinand sighed.

"Mother," he at length said, "you must ask Katherine to come and sit here with you; if indeed she will not feel the imprisonment."

Miss Grandison turned in her chair, and hid her face with her handkerchief.

"My sweet child," said Lady Armine, rising

and kissing her, "this is too much for you. You really must restrain yourself. Ferdinand will soon be himself again, he will indeed."

Miss Grandison sobbed aloud. Glastonbury was much distressed, but Ferdinand avoided catching his eye; and yet, at last, Ferdinand said with an effort and in a very kind voice, "Dear Kate, come and sit by me."

Miss Grandison went into hysterics; Ferdinand sprang from his chair and seized her hand; Lady Armine tried to restrain her son; Glastonbury held the agitated Katherine.

"For God's sake, Ferdinand, be calm," exclaimed Lady Armine. "This is most unfortunate. Dear, dear Katherine—but she has such a heart! All the women have in our family, and none of the men, 'tis so odd. Mr. Glastonbury, water if you please, that glass of water—salvolatile; where is the salvolatile? My own, own Katherine, pray, pray restrain yourself! Ferdinand is here; remember Ferdinand is here, and he will soon be well; soon quite well.

Believe me, he is already quite another thing. There, drink that, darling, drink that. You are better now?"

"I am so foolish," said Miss Grandison, in a mournful voice. "I never can pardon myself for this. Let me go."

Glastonbury bore her out of the room; Lady Armine turned to her son. He was lying back in his chair, his hands covering his eyes. The mother stole gently to him, and wiped tenderly his brow, on which hung the light drops of perspiration, occasioned by his recent exertion.

"We have done too much, my own Ferdinand. Yet who could have expected that dear girl would have been so affected! Glastonbury was indeed right in preventing you so long from meeting. And yet it is a blessing to see that she has so fond a heart. You are fortunate, my Ferdinand; you will indeed be happy with her."

Ferdinand groaned.

"I shall never be happy," he murmured.

"Never happy, my Ferdinand! Oh! you must not be so low-spirited. Think how much better you are; think, my Ferdinand, what a change there is for the better. You will soon be well, dearest, and then, my love, you know you cannot help being happy."

"Mother," said Ferdinand, "you are deceived, you are all deceived—I, I—"

"No! Ferdinand, indeed we are not. I am confident, and I praise God for it, that you are getting better every day. But you have done too much, that is the truth. I will leave you now, love, and send the nurse, for my presence excites you. Try to sleep, darling." And Lady Armine rang the bell, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH SOME LIGHT IS THROWN UPON SOME CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WERE BEFORE RATHER MYSTERIOUS.

Lady Armine now proposed that the family should meet in Ferdinand's room after dinner; but Glastonbury, whose opinion on most subjects generally prevailed, scarcely approved of this suggestion. It was, therefore, but once acted upon during the week that followed the scene described in our last chapter, and on that evening Miss Grandison had so very severe a head-ache, that it was quite impossible for her to join the circle. At length, however, Ferdinand made his appearance below, and established himself in the library: it now, therefore, became absolutely necessary that Miss

Grandison should steel her nerves to the altered state of her betrothed, which had at first apparently so much affected her sensibility, and, by the united influence of habit and Mr. Glastonbury, it is astonishing what progress she made. She even at last could so command her feelings, that she apparently greatly contributed to his amusement. She joined in the family concerts, once even read to him. Every morning, too, she brought him a flower, and often offered him her arm. And yet Ferdinand could not resist observing a very great difference in her behaviour towards him since he had last quitted her at Bath. Far from conducting herself, as he had nervously apprehended, as if her claim to be his companion were irresistible, her carriage, on the contrary, indicated the most retiring disposition; she annoyed him with no expressions of fondness, and listened to the kind words which he occasionally urged himself to bestow upon her with a sentiment of grave regard and placid silence, which almost filled him with astonishment.

One morning, the weather being clear and fine, Ferdinand insisted that his mother, who had as yet scarcely quitted his side, should drive out with Sir Ratcliffe; and, as he would take no refusal, Lady Armine agreed to comply. The carriage was ordered, was at the door; and as Lady Armine bade him adieu, Ferdinand rose from his seat and took the arm of Miss Grandison, who seemed on the point of retiring; for Glastonbury remained, and therefore Ferdinand was not without a companion.

"I will see you go off," said Ferdinand.

"Adieu!" said Lady Armine. "Take care of him, dear Kate," and the phaeton was soon out of sight.

"It is more like May than January," said Ferdinand to his cousin. "I fancy I should like to walk a little."

"Shall I send for Mr. Glastonbury?" said Katherine.

"Not if my arm be not too heavy for you," said Ferdinand. So they walked

slowly on, perhaps some fifty yards, until they arrived at a garden-seat, very near the rose-tree whose flowers Henrietta Temple had so much admired. It had no flowers now, but seemed as desolate as their unhappy loves.

"A moment's rest," said Ferdinand, and sighed. "Dear Kate, I wish to speak to you."

Miss Grandison turned very pale.

"I have something on my mind, Katherine, of which I would endeavour to relieve myself."

Miss Grandison did not reply, but she trembled. "It concerns you, Katherine."

Still she was silent, and expressed no astonishment at this strange address.

"If I were anything now but an object of pity, a miserable and broken-hearted man," continued Ferdinand, "I might shrink from this communication; I might delegate to another this office, humiliating as it might then be to me, painful as it must, under any circumstances, be to you. But," and here his voice faltered, "but I am far beyond the power of any morti-

cation now. The world and the world's ways touch me no more. There is a duty to fulfil—I will fulfil it. I have offended against you, my sweet and gentle cousin,—grievously, bitterly, infamously offended."

"No, no, no!" murmured Miss Grandison.

"Katherine, I am unworthy of you; I have deceived you. It is neither for your honour nor your happiness that these ties, which our friends anticipate, should occur between us. But, Katherine, you are avenged."

"Oh! I want no vengeance!" muttered Miss Grandison, her face pale as marble, her eyes convulsively closed. "Cease, cease, Ferdinand; this conversation is madness; you will be ill again."

"No, Katherine, I am calm. Fear not for me. There is much to tell; it must be told, if only that you should not believe that I was a systematic villain, or that my feelings were engaged to another when I breathed to you those vows—"

"Oh! anything but that; speak of anything but that!"

Ferdinand took her hand.

"Katherine, listen to me. I honour you, my gentle cousin, I admire, I esteem you; I could die content if I could but see you happy. With your charms and virtues, I thought that we might be happy. My intentions were as sincere as my belief in our future felicity. Oh! no, dear Katherine, I could not trifle with so pure and gentle a bosom."

"Have I accused you, Ferdinand?"

"But you will—when you know all."

"I do know all," said Miss Grandison, in a hollow voice.

Her hand fell from the weak and trembling grasp of her cousin.

"You do know all!" he at length exclaimed. "And can you, knowing all, live under the same roof with me? Can you see me? Can you listen to me? Is not my voice torture to you? Do you not hate and despise me?"

"It is not my nature to hate anything; least of all could I hate you."

"And could you, knowing all, still minister to all my wants and watch my sad necessities? This gentle arm of yours, could you, knowing all, let me lean upon it this morning? O! Katherine, a happy lot be yours, for you deserve one!"

"Ferdinand, I have acted as duty, religion, and, it may be, some other considerations, prompted me. My feelings have not been so much considered that they need now be analysed."

"Reproach me, Katherine—I deserve *your* reproaches."

"Mine may not be the only reproaches that you have deserved, Ferdinand; but permit me to remark, from me you have received none. I pity you, I sincerely pity you."

"Glastonbury has told you?" said Ferdinand.

"That communication is among the other good offices we owe him," replied Miss Grandison.

"He told you?" said Ferdinand, inquiringly.

"All that it was necessary I should know for your honour, or, as some might think, for my own happiness; no more, I would listen to no more. I had no idle curiosity to gratify. It is enough that your heart is another's; I seek not, I wish not, to know that person's name."

"I cannot mention it," said Ferdinand; "but there is no secret from you. Glastonbury may, should, tell all."

"Amid the wretched, she is not the least miserable," said Miss Grandison.

"O! Katherine," said Ferdinand, after a moment's pause, "tell me that you do not hate me; tell me that you pardon me: tell me that you think me more mad than wicked!"

"Ferdinand," said Miss Grandison, "I think we are both unfortunate."

"I am without hope," said Ferdinand; "but you Katherine, your life must still be bright and fair."

"I can never be happy, Ferdinand, if you

are not. I am alone in the world. Your family are my only relations; I cling to them. Your mother is my mother; I love her with the passion of a child. I looked upon our union only as the seal of that domestic feeling that had long bound us all. My happiness now entirely depends upon your family; theirs I feel is staked upon you. It is the conviction of the total desolation that must occur, if our estrangement be suddenly made known to them—and you, who are so impetuous, decide upon any rash course, in consequence—that has induced me to sustain the painful part I now uphold. This is the reason that I would not reproach you, Ferdinand, that I would not quarrel with you, that I would not desert them in this hour of their affliction."

"Katherine, beloved Katherine!" exclaimed the distracted Ferdinand, "why did we ever part?"

"No! Ferdinand, let us not deceive ourselves. For me, that separation, however

fruitful, at the present moment, in mortification and unhappiness, must not be considered altogether an event of unmingled misfortune. In my opinion, Ferdinand, it is better to be despised for a moment, than to be neglected for a life."

"Despised! Katherine, for God's sake spare me; for God's sake do not use such language! Despised! Katherine, at this moment I declare most solemnly all that I feel is, how thoroughly, how infamously, unworthy I am of you! Dearest Katherine, we cannot recal the past, we cannot amend it, but let me assure you that at this very hour there is no being on earth I more esteem, more reverence, than yourself."

"It is well, Ferdinand. I would not willingly believe that your feelings towards me were otherwise than kind and generous. But let us understand each other. I shall remain at present under this roof. Do not misapprehend my views. I seek not to recal your affections. The past has proved to me that we are completely unfitted for each other. I have not those

dazzling qualities that could enchain a fiery brain like yours. I know myself; I know you; and there is nothing that would fill me with more terror now than our anticipated union. And, now, after this frank conversation, let our future intercourse be cordial and unembarrassed; let us remember we are kinsfolk. The feelings between us should by nature be kind and amiable: no incident has occurred to disturb them; for I have not injured or offended you; and as for your conduct towards me, from the bottom of my heart I pardon and forget it."

"Katherine," said Ferdinand, with streaming eyes, "kindest, most generous of women! My heart is too moved, my spirit too broken, to express what I feel. We are kinsfolk; let us be more. You say my mother is your mother. Let me assert the privilege of that admission. Let me be a brother to you; you shall find me, if I live, a faithful one."

CHAPTER XV.

WHICH LEAVES AFFAIRS IN GENERAL IN A SCARCELY MORE SATISFACTORY POSITION THAN THE FORMER ONE.

FERDINAND felt much calmer in his mind after this conversation with his cousin. Her affectionate attention to him now, instead of filling him, as it did before, with remorse, was really a source of consolation, if that be not too strong a phrase to describe the state of one so thoroughly wretched as Captain Armine; for his terrible illness and impending death had not in the slightest degree allayed or affected his profound passion for Henrietta Temple. Her image unceasingly engaged his thoughts; he still clung to the wild idea that she might yet be his. But his health improved so slowly, that

there was faint hope of his speedily taking any steps to induce such a result. All his inquiries after her—and Glastonbury, at his suggestion, had not been idle—were quite fruitless. He made no doubt that she had quitted England. What might not happen, far away from him, and believing herself betrayed and deserted? Often, when he brooded over these terrible contingencies, he regretted his recovery.

Yet his family—thanks to the considerate conduct of his admirable cousin—were still content and happy. His slow convalescence now was their only source of anxiety. They regretted the unfavourable season of the year; they looked forward with hope to the genial influence of the coming spring. That was to cure all their cares; and yet they might well suspect, when they watched his ever pensive, and often suffering, countenance, that there were deeper causes than physical debility and bodily pain to account for that moody and woe-begone expression. Alas! how changed from that Ferdinand Armine, so

full of hope, and courage, and youth, and beauty, that had burst upon their enraptured vision, on his return from Malta. Where was that gaiety now that made all eyes sparkle, that vivacious spirit that kindled energy in every bosom? How miserable to see him crawling about with a wretched stick, with his thin, pale face, and tottering limbs, and scarcely any other pursuit than to creep about the pleasaunce, where, when the day was fair, his servant would place a camp-stool opposite the cedar tree where he had first beheld Henrietta Temple; and there he would sit, until the unkind winter breeze would make him shiver, gazing on vacancy; yet peopled to his mind's eye with beautiful and fearful apparitions.

And it is love, it is the most delightful of human passions, that can bring about such misery! Why will its true course never run smooth? Is there a spell upon our heart that its finest emotions should lead only to despair? When Ferdinand Armine, in his reveries, dwelt

upon the past; when he recalled the hour that he had first seen her, her first glance, the first sound of her voice, his visit to Ducie, all the passionate scenes to which it led—those sweet wanderings through its enchanted bowers—those bright mornings, so full of expectation that was never baulked—those soft eyes, so redolent of tenderness that could never cease—when from the bright, and glowing, and gentle scenes his memory conjured up, and all the transport and the thrill that surrounded them like an atmosphere of love—he turned to his shattered and broken-hearted self, the rigid heaven above, and what seemed to his, perhaps unwise and ungrateful, spirit, the mechanical sympathy and commonplace affection of his companions—it was as if he had wakened from some too vivid and too glorious dream, or as if he had fallen from some brighter and more favoured planet upon our cold, dull earth.

And yet it would seem that the roof of Armine Place protected a family that might yield to few

in the beauty and engaging qualities of its inmates, their happy accomplishments, and their kind and cordial hearts. And all were devoted to him. It was on him alone the noble spirit of his father dwelt still with pride and joy: it was to soothe and gratify him that his charming mother exerted all her graceful care and all her engaging gifts. It was for him, and his sake, the generous heart of his cousin had submitted to mortification without a murmur, or indulged her unhappiness only in solitude; and it was for him that Glastonbury exercised a devotion that might alone induce a man to think with complacency both of his species and himself. But the heart, the heart, the jealous and despotic heart! It rejects all substitutes, it spurns all compromise, and it will have its purpose, or it will break.

What may be the destiny of Ferdinand Armine, whether a brighter light is to fall on his gloomy fortunes, or whether his sad end may add

to our moral instances another example of the fatal consequences of unbridled passions and ill-regulated conduct, will be recorded in the future books of this eventful history.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING THE APPEARANCE ON OUR STAGE OF A NEW AND IMPORTANT CHARACTER.

The Marquess of Montfort was the grandson of that nobleman who had been Glastonbury's earliest patron. The old Duke had been dead some years; his son had succeeded to his title, and Digby, that youth whom the reader may recollect was about the same age as Ferdinand Armine, and was his companion during that happy week in London which preceded his first military visit to the Mediterranean, now bore the second title of the family.

The young marquis was an excellent specimen of a class superior in talents, intelligence, and accomplishments, in public spirit and in private virtues, to any in the world—the English nobility. His complete education had been carefully conducted; and although his religious creed, for it will be remembered that he was a Catholic, had deprived him of the advantage of matriculating at an English University, the zeal of an able and learned tutor, and the resources of a German Alma Mater, had afforded every opportunity to the development of his considerable talents. Nature had lavished upon him other gifts besides his distinguished intelligence and his amiable temper: his personal beauty was remarkable, and his natural grace was not less evident than his many acquired accomplishments.

On quitting the University of Bonn, Lord Montfort had passed several years on the continent of Europe, and had visited and resided at most of its courts and capitals—an admired and

cherished guest: for, debarred at the period of our story from occupying the seat of his ancestors in the senate, his native country offered no very urgent claims upon his presence. He had ultimately fixed upon Rome as his principal residence, for he was devoted to the arts, and in his palace were collected some of the rarest specimens of ancient and modern invention.

At Pisa, Lord Montfort had made the acquaintance of Mr. Temple, who was residing in that city for the benefit of his daughter's health; who, it was feared by her physicians, was in a decline. I say the acquaintance of Mr. Temple; for Lord Montfort was aware of the existence of his daughter only by the occasional mention of her name; for Miss Temple was never seen. The agreeable manners, varied information, and accomplished mind of Mr. Temple, had attracted and won the attention of the young nobleman, who shrank in general from the travelling English, and all their arrogant ignorance. Mr. Temple was in turn equally pleased with a

companion alike refined, amiable, and enlightened; and their acquaintance would have ripened into intimacy, had not the illness of Henrietta and her repugnance to see a third person, and the unwillingness of her father that she should be alone, offered in some degree a bar to its cultivation.

Yet Henrietta was glad that her father had found a friend and was amused, and impressed upon him not to think of her, but to accept Lord Montfort's invitations to his villa. But Mr. Temple invariably declined them.

"I am always uneasy when I am away from you, dearest," said Mr. Temple; "I wish you would go about a little. Believe me, it is not for myself that I make the suggestion, but I am sure you would derive benefit from the exertion. I wish you would go with me and see Lord Montfort's villa. There would be no one there but himself. He would not in the least annoy you; he is so quiet; and he and I could stroll about and look at the busts and talk to each other.

You would hardly know he was present. He is such a very quiet person."

Henrietta shook her head; and Mr. Temple would not urge the request.

Fate, however, had decided that Lord Montfort and Henrietta Temple should become acquainted. She had more than once expressed a wish to see the Campo Santo; it was almost the only wish that she had expressed since she left England. Her father, pleased to find that anything could interest her, was in the habit of almost daily reminding her of this desire, and suggesting that she should gratify it. But there was ever an excuse for procrastination. When the hour of exertion came, she would say with a faint smile, "Not to-day, dearest Papa;" and then, arranging her shawl, as if even in this soft clime she shivered, composed herself upon that sofa which now she scarcely ever quitted.

And this was Henrietta Temple! That gay and glorious being, so full of graceful power and beautiful energy, that seemed born for a throne,

and to command a nation of adoring subjects! What are those political revolutions, whose strange and mighty vicissitudes we are ever dilating on, compared with the moral mutations that are passing daily under our own eye; uprooting the hearts of families, shattering to pieces domestic circles, scattering to the winds the plans and prospects of a generation, and blasting as with a mildew, the ripening harvest of long cherished affection!

"It is here that I would be buried!" said Henrietta Temple.

They were standing, the father and the daughter, in the Campo Santo. She had been gayer that morning; her father had seized a happy moment, and she had gone forth —— to visit the dead.

That vast and cloistered cemetery was silent and undisturbed; not a human being was there, save themselves and the keeper. The sun shone brightly on the austere and ancient frescoes, and Henrietta stood opposite that beautiful sarco-

phagus, that seemed prepared and fitting to receive her destined ashes.

"It is here that I would be buried," said she.

Her father almost unconsciously turned his head to gaze upon the countenance of his daughter, to see if there were indeed reason that she should talk of death. That countenance was changed since the moment I first feebly attempted to picture it. That flashing eye had lost something of its brilliancy, that superb form something of its roundness, and its stag-like state; the crimson glory of that mantling cheek had faded like the fading eve; and yet—it might be thought, it might be suffering, perhaps the anticipation of approaching death, and as it were the imaginary contact with a serener existence, but certainly there was a more spiritual expression diffused over the whole appearance of Henrietta Temple, and which by many might be preferred even to that more lively and glowing beauty which, in her happier hours, made her the very queen of flowers and sunshine.

"It is strange, dear papa," she continued, "that my first visit should be to a cemetery."

At this moment their attention was attracted by the sound of the distant gates of the cemetery opening, and several persons soon entered. This party consisted of some of the authorities of the city and some porters bearing on a slab of verd antique a magnificent cinerary vase, that was about to be placed in the Campo. In reply to his inquiries, Mr. Temple learnt that the vase had been recently excavated in Catania, and that it had been purchased, and presented to the Campo by the Marquess of Montfort. Henrietta would have hurried her father away, but, with all her haste, they had not reached the gates before Lord Montfort appeared.

Mr. Temple found it impossible, although Henrietta pressed his arm in token of disapprobation, not to present Lord Montfort to his daughter. He then admired his lordship's urn, and then his lordship requested that he might have the pleasure of showing it to them himself.

They turned; Lord Montfort explained to them its rarity, and pointed out to them its beauty. His voice was soft and low, his manner simple but rather reserved. While he paid that deference to Henrietta which her sex demanded, he addressed himself chiefly to her father. She was not half so much annoyed as she had imagined; she agreed with her father that he was a very quiet man; she was even a little interested by his conversation, which was elegant yet full of intelligence; and she was delighted that he did not seem to require her to play any part in the discourse, but appeared quite content in being her father's friend. Lord Montfort pleased her very much, if only for this circumstance, that he seemed to be attached to her father, and to appreciate him. And this was always a great recommendation to Henrietta Temple.

The cinerary urn led to a little controversy between Mr. Temple and his friend; and Lord

Montfort wished that Mr. Temple would some day call on him at his house in the Lung' Arno, and he would show him some specimens which he thought might influence his opinion. "I hardly dare to ask you to come now," said his lordship, looking at Miss Temple; "and yet Miss Temple might like to rest."

It was evident to Henrietta that her father would be very pleased to go, and yet that he was about to refuse for her sake. She could not bear that he should be deprived of so much and such refined amusement, and be doomed to an uninteresting morning at home, merely to gratify her humour. She tried to speak, but could not at first command her voice; at length she expressed her wish that Mr. Temple should avail himself of the invitation. Lord Montfort bowed lowly, Mr. Temple seemed very gratified, and they all turned together and quitted the cemetery.

As they walked along to the house, conversa-

tion did not flag. Lord Montfort expressed his admiration of Pisa. "Silence and art are two great charms," said his lordship.

At length they arrived at his palace. A venerable Italian received them. They passed through an immense hall, in which were statues, ascended a magnificent double staircase, and entered a range of saloons. One of them was furnished with more attention to comfort than an Italian cares for; and herein was the cabinet of urns and vases his lordship had mentioned.

"This is little more than a barrack," said Lord Montfort; "but I can find a sofa for Miss Temple." So saying, he arranged with great care the cushions of the couch, and, when she seated herself, placed a footstool near her. "I wish you would allow me some day to welcome you at Rome," said the young marquess. "It is there that I indeed reside."

Lord Montfort and Mr. Temple examined the contents of the cabinet. There was one vase which Mr. Temple greatly admired for the

elegance of its form. His host immediately brought it and placed it on a small pedestal near Miss Temple. Yet he scarcely addressed himself to her, and Henrietta experienced none of that troublesome attention from which, in the present state of her health and mind, she shrank. While Mr. Temple was interested with his pursuit, Lord Montfort went to a small cabinet opposite, and brought forth a curious casket of antique gems. "Perhaps," he said, placing it by Miss Temple, "the contents of this casket might amuse you;" and then he walked away to her father.

In the course of an hour a servant brought in some fruit and wine.

"The grapes are from my villa," said Lord Montfort. "I ventured to order them, because I have heard their salutary effects have been marvellous. Besides, at this season, even in Italy they are rare. At least you cannot accuse me of prescribing a very disagreeable remedy," he added with a slight smile, as he handed a

plate to Miss Temple. She moved to receive them. Her cushions slipped from behind her, Lord Montfort immediately arranged them with the greatest skill and care. He was so kind that she really wished to thank him; but before she could utter a word, he was again conversing with her father.

At length Mr. Temple indicated his intention to retire; and spoke to his daughter.

"This has been a great exertion for you, Henrietta," he said, "this has indeed been a busy day."

"I am not wearied, Papa; and I am sure we have been very much pleased." It was the firmest tone in which she had spoken for a long time. There was something in her manner which recalled to Mr. Temple her vanished animation. The affectionate father looked for a moment quite happy. The sweet music of these simple words dwelt on his ear.

He went forward and assisted Henrietta to rise; she closed the casket with care, and

delivered it herself to her considerate host. Mr. Temple bid him adieu; Henrietta bowed and nearly extended her hand. Lord Montfort attended them to the gate—a carriage was waiting there.

"Ah! we have kept your lordship at home," said Mr. Temple.

"I took the liberty of ordering the carriage for Miss Temple," said his lordship. "I feel a little responsible for her kind exertion to-day."

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH LORD MONTFORT CONTRIVES THAT MISS TEMPLE SHOULD BE LEFT ALONE.

"And how do you like my friend, Henrietta?" said Mr. Temple, as they drove home.

"I like your friend very much, papa. He is quite as quiet as you said; he is almost the only person I have seen since I quitted England, who has not jarred my nerves. I felt quite sorry that I had so long prevented you both from cultivating each others acquaintance. He does not interfere with me in the least."

"I wish I had asked him to look in upon us in the evening," said Mr. Temple, rather inquiringly.

"Not to-day," said Henrietta. "Another day, dearest papa."

The next day Lord Montfort sent a note to Mr. Temple, to inquire after his daughter, and to impress upon him the importance of her eating his grapes. His servant left a basket. The rest of the note was about cinerary urns. Mr. Temple, while he thanked him, assured him of the pleasure it would give both his daughter and himself to see him in the evening. This was the first invitation to his house that Mr. Temple had ventured to give him, though they had now known each other some time.

In the evening Lord Montfort appeared. Henrietta was lying on her sofa, and her father would not let her rise. Lord Montfort had brought Mr. Temple some English journals, which he had received from Leghorn. The gentlemen talked a little on foreign politics; and discussed the character of several of the most celebrated foreign ministers. Lord Montfort gave an account of his visit to Prince Esterhazy. Henrietta was amused. German politics and society led to German literature. Lord

Montfort, on this subject, seemed completely informed. Henrietta could not refrain from joining in a conversation, for which she was fully qualified. She happened to deplore her want of books. Lord Montfort had a library; but it was at Rome: no matter; it seemed that he thought nothing of sending to Rome. He made a note very quietly of some books that Henrietta expressed a wish to see, and begged that Mr. Temple would send the memorandum to his servant.

"But surely to-morrow will do," said Mr. Temple. "Rome is too far to send to this evening."

"That is an additional reason for instant departure," said his lordship, very calmly.

Mr. Temple summoned a servant.

"Send this note to my house," said his lordship. "My courier will bring us the books in four days," he added, turning to Miss Temple. "I am sorry you should have to wait, but at Pisa I really have nothing."

From this day, Lord Montfort passed every evening at Mr. Temple's house. His arrival never disturbed Miss Temple; she remained on her sofa. If she spoke to him, he was always ready to converse with her, yet he never obtruded his society. He seemed perfectly contented with the company of her father. Yet with all this calmness and reserve, there was no air of affected indifference, no intolerable nonchalance; he was always attentive, always considerate, often kind. However apparently engaged with her father, it seemed that his vigilance anticipated all her wants. If she moved, he was at her side; if she required anything, it would appear that he read her thoughts, for it was always offered. She found her sofa arranged as if by magic. And if a shawl were for a moment missing, Lord Montfort always knew where it had been placed. In the meantime, every morning brought something for the amusement of Mr. Temple and his daughter; books, prints, drawings, newspapers, journals,

of all countries, and caricatures from Paris and London, were mingled with engravings of Henrietta's favourite Campo Santo.

One evening Mr. Temple and his guest were speaking of a very celebrated Professor of the University. Lord Montfort described his extraordinary acquirements and discoveries, and his rare simplicity. He was one of those eccentric geniuses that are sometimes found in decayed cities with ancient institutions of learning. Henrietta was interested in his description; almost without thought she expressed a wish to see him.

"He shall come to-morrow," said Lord Montfort, "if you please. Believe me," he added, in a tone of great kindness, "that if you could prevail upon yourself to cultivate Italian society a little, it would repay you."

The Professor was brought. Miss Temple was very much entertained. In a few days he came again, and introduced a friend scarcely less distinguished. The society was so easy,

that even Henrietta found it no burthen. She remained upon her sofa; the gentlemen drank their coffee and conversed. One morning, Lord Montfort had prevailed upon her to visit the studio of a celebrated sculptor. The artist was full of enthusiasm for his pursuit, and showed them, with pride, his great work, a Diana that might have made one envy Endymion. The sculptor declared it was the perfect resemblance of Miss Temple, and appealed to her father. Mr. Temple could not deny the very striking likeness. Miss Temple smiled; she looked almost herself again; even the reserved Lord Montfort was in raptures.

"Oh! it is very like," said his Lordship. "Yes! now it is exactly like. Miss Temple does not often smile; but now one would believe she really was the model."

They were bidding the sculptor farewell.

"Do you like him?" whispered Lord Montfort of Miss Temple.

"Extremely; he is full of ideas."

"Shall I ask him to come to you this evening."

"Yes! do."

And so it turned out that in time Henrietta found herself the centre of a little circle of eminent and accomplished men. Her health improved as she brooded less over her sorrows. It delighted her to witness the pleasure of her father. She was not always on her sofa now. Lord Montfort had sent her an English chair, which suited her delightfully.

They even began to take drives with him in the country an hour or so before sunset. The country round Pisa is rich as well as picturesque. And their companion always contrived that there should be an object in their brief excursions. He spoke, too, the dialect of the country, and they paid, under his auspices, a visit to a Tuscan farmer. All this was agreeable; even Henrietta was persuaded that it was better than staying at home. The variety of pleasing objects diverted her mind in spite of

herself. She had some duties to perform in this world yet remaining. There was her father; her father who had been so devoted to her—who had never uttered a single reproach to her for all her faults and follies, and who, in her hour of tribulation, had clung to her with such fidelity. Was it not some source of satisfaction to see him again comparatively happy? How selfish for her to mar this graceful and innocent enjoyment! She exerted herself to contribute to the amusement of her father and his kind friend, as well as to share it. The colour returned a little to her cheek; sometimes she burst for a moment into something like her old gaiety, and, though these ebullitions were often followed by a gloom and moodiness, against which she found it in vain to contend, still, on the whole, the change for the better was decided, and Mr. Temple yet hoped that in time his sight might again be blessed, and his life illustrated by his own brilliant Henrietta.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MR. TEMPLE AND HIS DAUGHTER, WITH THEIR NEW FRIEND, MAKE AN UNEXPECTED EXCURSION.

One delicious morning, remarkable even in the South, Lord Montfort called upon them in his carriage, and proposed a little excursion. Mr. Temple looked at his daughter, and was charmed that Henrietta consented. She rose from her seat, indeed, with unwonted animation, and the three friends had soon quitted the city and entered its agreeable environs.

"It was wise to pass the winter in Italy," said Lord Montfort, "but, to see Tuscany in perfection, I should choose the autumn. I know nothing more picturesque, than the carts laden with grapes, and drawn by milk-white steers."

They drove gaily along at the foot of green hills, crowned ever and anon by a convent or a beautiful stone-pine. The landscape attracted the admiration of Miss Temple. A palladian villa rose from the bosom of a gentle elevation, crowned with these picturesque trees. A broad terrace of marble extended in front of the villa, on which were ranged orange-trees. On either side spread an olive-grove. The sky was without a cloud, and deeply blue; the bright beams of the sun illuminated the building. The road had wound so curiously into this last branch of the Apennine, that the party found themselves in a circus of hills, clothed with Spanish chestnuts and olive-trees, from which there was apparently no outlet. A soft breeze, which it was evident had passed over the wild flowers of the mountains, refreshed and charmed their senses.

"Could you believe we were only two hours' drive from a city?" said Lord Montfort.

"Indeed," said Henrietta, "if there be peace

in this world, one would think that the dweller in that beautiful villa enjoyed it."

"He has little to disturb him," said Lord Montfort; "thanks to his destiny and his temper."

"I believe we make our miseries," said Henrietta, with a sigh. "After all, nature always offers us consolation. But who lives here?"

"I sometimes steal to this spot," replied his lordship.

"Oh! this then is your villa! Ah! you have surprised us."

"I aimed only to amuse you."

"You are very kind, Lord Montfort," said Mr. Temple; "and we owe you much."

They stopped—they ascended the terrace—they entered the villa. A few rooms only were furnished, but their appearance indicated the taste and pursuits of its occupier. Busts and books were scattered about; a table was covered with the implements of art; and the principal apartment opened into an English garden.

"This is one of my native tastes," said Lord Montfort, "that will, I think, never desert me."

The memory of Henrietta was recalled to the flowers of Ducie and of Armine. Amid all the sweets and sunshine she looked sad. She walked away from her companions; she seated herself on the terrace—her eyes were suffused with tears. Lord Montfort took the arm of Mr. Temple, and led him away to a bust of Germanicus.

"Let me show it to Henrietta," said Mr. Temple; "I must fetch her."

Lord Montfort laid his hand gently on his companion. The emotion of Henrietta had not escaped his quick eye.

"Miss Temple has made a great exertion," he said. "Do not think me pedantic, but I am something of a physician. I have long perceived that, although Miss Temple should be amused, she must sometimes be left alone."

Mr. Temple looked at his companion; but

the countenance of Lord Montfort was inscrutable. His lordship offered him a medal, and then opened a portfolio of Marc Antonios.

"These are very rare," said Lord Montfort; "I bring them into the country with me, for really at Rome there is no time to study them. By the bye, I have a plan," continued his lordship, in a somewhat hesitating tone; "I wish I could induce you and Miss Temple to visit me at Rome."

Mr. Temple shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"I feel confident that a residence at Rome would benefit Miss Temple," said his lordship, in a voice a little less calm than usual. "There is much to see, and I would take care that she should see it in a manner which would not exhaust her. It is the most delightful climate, too, at this period. The sun shines here to-day, but the air of these hills at this season is sometimes treacherous. A calm life, with a variety of objects, is what she requires. Pisa is calm,

but for her it is too dull. Believe me, there is something in the blended refinement and interest of Rome that she would find exceedingly beneficial. She would see no one but ourselves; society shall be at her command if she desires it."

"My dear Lord," said Mr. Temple, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your considerate sympathy; but I cannot flatter myself that Henrietta could avail herself of your really friendly offer. My daughter is a great invalid. She——"

But here Miss Temple joined them.

"We have a relic of a delicate temple here," said Lord Montfort, directing her gaze to another window. "You see it now to advantage—the columns glitter in the sun. There, perhaps, was worshipped some wood-nymph, or some river-god."

The first classic ruin that she had yet beheld attracted the attention of Miss Temple. It was not far, and she acceded to the proposition of

Lord Montfort to visit it. That little ramble was delighful. The novelty and the beauty of the object greatly interested her. It was charming also to view it under the auspices of a guide so full of information and feeling.

"Ah!" said Lord Montfort, "if I might only be your cicerone at Rome!"

"What say you, Henrietta?" said Mr. Temple, with a smile. "Shall we go to Rome?"

The proposition did not alarm Miss Temple as much as her father anticipated. Lord Montford pressed the suggestion with delicacy; he hinted at some expedients by which the journey might be rendered not very laborious. But as she did not reply, his lordship did not press the subject; sufficiently pleased, perhaps, that she had not met it with an immediate and decided negative.

When they returned to the villa they found a collation prepared for them worthy of so elegant an abode. In his capacity of a host, Lord

Montfort departed a little from that placid and even constrained demeanour which generally characterised him. His manner was gay and flowing; and he poured out a goblet of Monte Pulciano and presented it to Miss Temple.

"You must pour a libation," he said, "to the nymph of the fane."

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THAT IT IS THE FIRST STEP THAT IS EVER THE MOST DIFFICULT.

About a week after this visit to the Villa, Mr. Temple and his daughter were absolutely induced to accompany Lord Montfort to Rome. It is impossible to do justice to the tender solicitude with which his lordship made all the arrangements for the journey. Wherever they halted, they found preparations for their reception; and so admirably had everything been concerted, that Miss Temple at length found herself in the Eternal City, with almost as little fatigue as she had reached the Tuscan villa.

The palace of Lord Montfort was in the most distinguished quarter of the city, and situate in the midst of vast gardens full of walls of laurel,

arches of ilex, and fountains of lions. They arrived at twilight, and the shadowy hour lent even additional space to the huge halls and galleries. Yet in the suite of rooms prepared for the reception of Mr. Temple and his daughter, every source of comfort seemed to have been collected. The marble floors were covered with Indian mats and carpets, the windows were well secured from the air which might have proved fatal to an invalid, while every species of chair, and couch, and sofa courted the languid or capricious form of Miss Temple—and she was even favoured with an English stove, and guarded by an Indian screen. The apartments were supplied with every book which it could have been supposed might amuse her; there were guitars of the city and of Florence, and even an English piano; a library of the choicest music; and all the materials of art. The air of elegance and cheerful comfort that pervaded these apartments, so unusual in this land, the bright blaze of the fire, even the pleasant wax-

lights, all combined to deprive the moment of that feeling of gloom and exhaustion which attends an arrival at a strange place at a late hour—and Henrietta looked around her, and almost fancied she was once more at Ducie. Lord Montfort introduced his fellow-travellers to their apartments, presented to them the servant who was to assume the management of their little household, and then reminding them of their mutual promises, that they were to be entirely their own masters, and not trouble themselves about him any more than if they were at Pisa, he shook them both by the hand, and bade them good-night.

It must be confessed that the acquaintance of Lord Montfort had afforded great consolation to Henrietta Temple. It was impossible to be insensible to the sympathy and solicitude of one so highly-gifted and so very amiable. Nor should it be denied that this homage, from one of his distinguished rank, was entirely without its charm. To find ourselves, when deceived and deserted,

unexpectedly an object of regard and consideration, will bring balm to most bosoms ; but to attract, in such a situation, the friendship of an individual whose deferential notice, under any circumstances, must be flattering ; and to be admired by one whom all admire—these are accidents of fortune which few could venture to despise. And Henrietta had now few opportunities to brood over the past ; a stream of beautiful and sublime objects passed unceasingly before her vision. Her lively and refined taste, and her highly-cultured mind, could not refrain from responding to these glorious spectacles. She saw before her all that she had long read of, all that she had long mused over. Her mind became each day more serene and harmonious, as she gazed on these ideal creations, and dwelt on their beautiful repose. Her companion, too, exerted every art to prevent these amusements from degenerating into fatiguing expeditions. The Vatican was open to Lord Montfort, when it was open to none others. Short visits, but

numerous ones, was his system. Sometimes they entered merely to see a statue or a picture they were reading or conversing about the preceding eve; and then they repaired to some modern studio, where their entrance always made the sculptor's eyes sparkle. At dinner there was always some distinguished guest, whom Henrietta wished to see; and as she thoroughly understood the language, and spoke it indeed with fluency and grace, she was tempted to enter into conversations, where all seemed delighted that she played her part. Sometimes, indeed, Henrietta would fly to her chamber to sigh, but suddenly the palace resounded with tones of the finest harmony, or the human voice, with its most felicitous skill, stole upon her from the distant galleries. Although Lord Montfort was not himself a musician, and his voice could not pour forth those fatal sounds that had ravished her soul from the lips of Ferdinand Armine, he was well acquainted with the magic of music; and while he hated a formal concert, the most

eminent performers were often at hand in his palace to contribute at the fitting moment to the delight of his guests. Who could withstand the soft influence of a life so elegant and serene, or refuse to yield up their spirit to its gentle excitement and its mild distraction? The colour returned to Henrietta's cheek and the lustre to her languid eye; her form regained its airy spring of health; the sunshine of her smile burst forth once more.

It would have been impossible for an indifferent person not to perceive that Lord Montfort witnessed these changes with feelings of no slight emotion. Perhaps he prided himself upon his skill as a physician, but he certainly watched the apparent convalescence of his friend's daughter with zealous interest. And yet Henrietta herself was not aware that Lord Montfort's demeanour to her differed in any degree from what it was at Pisa. She had never been alone with him in her life; she certainly spoke more to him than she used, but then she spoke more

to every body; and Lord Montfort certainly seemed to think of nothing but her pleasure and convenience and comfort; but he did and said every thing so quietly, that all this kindness and solicitude appeared to be the habitual impulse of his generous nature. He certainly was more intimate, much more intimate, than during the first week of their acquaintance, but scarcely more kind; for she remembered he had arranged her sofa the very first day they met, though he did not even remain to receive her thanks.

One day a discussion rose about Italian society, between Mr. Temple and his host. His lordship was a great admirer of the domestic character and private life of the Italians. He maintained that there was no existing people who more completely fulfilled the social duties than this much scandalised nation, respecting whom so many silly prejudices are entertained by the English, whose travelling fellow-countrymen, by the bye, seldom enter into any society but that tainted circle that must exist in all capitals.

"You have no idea," he said, turning to Henrietta, "what amiable and accomplished people are the better order of Italians. I wish you would let me light up this dark house some night, and give you an Italian party."

"I should like it very much," said Mr. Temple.

Whenever Henrietta did not enter her negative, Lord Montford always implied her assent, and it was resolved that the Italian party should be given.

All the best families in Rome were present, and not a single English person. There were some, perhaps, whom Lord Montfort might have wished to have invited, but Miss Temple had chanced to express a wish that no English might be there, and he instantly acted upon her suggestion.

The palace was magnificently illuminated. Henrietta had scarcely seen before its splendid treasures of art. Lord Montfort, in answer to her curiosity, had always playfully depreciated

them, and said that they must be left for rainy days. The most splendid pictures and long rows of graceful or solemn statues, were suddenly revealed to her; rooms and galleries were opened that had never been observed before; on all sides cabinets of vases, groups of imperial busts, rare bronzes, and vivid masses of tesselated pavement. Over all these choice and beautiful objects, a clear yet soft light was diffused, and Henrietta never recollected a spectacle more complete and effective.

These rooms and galleries were soon filled with guests, and Henrietta could not be insensible to the graceful and engaging dignity with which Lord Montfort received the Roman world of fashion. That constraint which at first she had attributed to reserve, but which of late she had ascribed to modesty, now entirely quitted him. Frank, yet always dignified, smiling, apt, and ever felicitous, it seemed that he had a pleasing word for every ear, and a particular

smile for every face. She stood at some distance leaning on her father's arm, and watching him. Suddenly he turned and looked around. It was they whom he wished to catch. He came up to Henrietta and said, "I wish to introduce you to the Princess ——. She is an old lady, but of the first distinction here. I would not ask this favour of you, unless I thought you would be pleased."

Henrietta could not refuse his request. Lord Montfort presented her and her father to the Princess, the most agreeable and important person in Rome; and having now provided for their immediate amusement, he had time to attend to his guests in general. An admirable concert now in some degree hushed the general conversation. The voices of the most beautiful women in Rome echoed in those apartments. When the music ceased, the guests wandered about the galleries, and at length the principal saloons were filled with dancers. Lord Mont-

fort approached Miss Temple. "There is one room in the palace you have never yet visited," he said, "my tribune; 'tis open to night for the first time."

Henrietta accepted his offered arm. "And how do you like the Princess?" he said as they walked along. "It is agreeable to live in a country where your guests amuse themselves."

At the end of the principal gallery, Henrietta perceived an open door, which admitted them into a small octagon chamber, of Ionic architecture. The walls were not hung with pictures, and one work of art alone solicited their attention. Elevated on a pedestal of porphyry, surrounded by a rail of bronze arrows of the lightest workmanship, was that statue of Diana, which they had so much admired at Pisa. The cheek, by an ancient process, the secret of which has been recently regained at Rome, was tinted with a delicate glow.

"Do you approve of it," said Lord Montfort to the admiring Henrietta. "Ah! dearest Miss Temple," he continued, "it is my happiness that the rose has also returned to a fairer cheek than this."

CHAPTER V.

WHICH CONTAINS SOME RATHER PAINFUL EXPLANATIONS.

THE reader will not, perhaps, be very much surprised that the Marquess of Montfort soon became the declared admirer of Miss Temple. His Lordship made the important declaration after a very different fashion to the unhappy Ferdinand Armine; he made it to the lady's father. Long persuaded that Miss Temple's illness had its origin in the mind, and believing that in that case the indisposition of a young lady had probably arisen, from one cause or another, in the disappointment of her affections, Lord Montfort resolved to spare her feelings, unprepared, the pain of a personal appeal. The beauty, the talent, the engaging disposition, and

the languid melancholy of Miss Temple, had excited his admiration and his pity, and had finally won a heart capable of deep affections, but gifted with great self-controul. He did not conceal from Mr. Temple the conviction that impelled him to the course which he had thought proper to pursue, and this delicate conduct relieved Mr. Temple greatly from the unavoidable embarrassment of his position. Mr. Temple contented himself with communicating to Lord Montfort, that his daughter had indeed entered into an engagement with one who was not worthy of her affections, and that the moment her father had been convinced of the character of the individual, he had quitted England with his daughter. He expressed his unqualified approbation of the overture of Lord Montfort, to whom he was indeed sincerely attached, and which gratified all those wordly feelings from which Mr. Temple was naturally not exempt. In such an alliance Mr. Temple recognised the only mode by which his daughter's complete

recovery could be secured. Lord Montfort in himself offered everything which it would seem that the reasonable fancy of woman could desire. He was young, handsome, amiable, accomplished, sincere, and exceedingly clever; while, at the same time, as Mr. Temple was well aware, his great position would insure that reasonable gratification of vanity from which none are free, which is a fertile source of happiness, and which would, at all times, subdue any bitter recollections which might occasionally arise to cloud the retrospect of his daughter.

It was Mr. Temple, who, exerting all the arts of his abandoned profession, now indulging in intimations and now in panegyric, conveying to his daughter, with admirable skill, how much the intimate acquaintance with Lord Montfort contributed to his happiness, gradually fanning the feeling of gratitude to so kind a friend, which already had been excited in his daughter's heart, into one of zealous regard, and finally seizing his opportunity with practised felicity—

it was Mr. Temple who at length ventured to communicate to his daughter the overture which had been confided to him.

Henrietta shook her head.

"I have too great a regard for Lord Montfort, to accede to his wishes," said Miss Temple. "He deserves something better than a bruised spirit, if not a broken heart."

"But, my dearest Henrietta, you really take a wrong, an impracticable view of affairs. Lord Montfort must be the best judge of what will contribute to his own happiness."

"Lord Montfort is acting under a delusion," replied Miss Temple. "If he knew all that had occurred he would shrink from blending his life with mine."

"Lord Montfort knows every thing," said the father, "that is, every thing he should know."

"Indeed!" said Miss Temple. "I wonder he does not look upon me with contempt, at the least with pity."

"He loves you, Henrietta," said her father.

"Ah! love, love, love! name not love to me. No, Lord Montfort cannot love me. It is not love that he feels."

"You have gained his heart, and he offers you his hand. Are not these proofs of love?"

"Generous! good young man!" exclaimed Henrietta; "I respect, I admire him; I might have loved him. But it is too late."

"My beloved daughter, oh! do not say so! For my sake do not say so," exclaimed Mr. Temple. "I have no wish—I have had no wish, my child, but for your happiness. Lean upon your father, listen to him, be guided by his advice. Lord Montfort possesses every quality which can contribute to the happiness of woman. A man so rarely gifted I never met. There is not a woman in the world, however exalted her rank, however admirable her beauty, however gifted her being, who might not feel happy and honoured in the homage of such a man. Believe me, my dearest daughter, that this is an union

which must lead to happiness. Indeed, were it to occur, I could die content. I should have no more cares, no more hopes. All would then have happened that the most sanguine parent, even with such a child as you, could wish or imagine. We should be so happy! For his sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, dearest Henrietta, grant his wish. Believe me, believe me, he is indeed worthy of you."

"I am not worthy of him," said Henrietta, in a melancholy voice.

"Ah! Henrietta, who is like you!" exclaimed the fond and excited father.

At this moment a servant announced that Lord Montfort would, with their permission, wait upon them. Henrietta seemed plunged in thought. Suddenly she said, "I cannot rest until this is settled. Papa, leave me with him a few moments alone." Mr. Temple retired.

A faint blush rose to the cheek of her visiter when he perceived that Miss Temple was alone.

He seated himself at her side, but he was unusally constrained.

"My dear Lord Montfort," said Miss Temple, very calmly, "I have to speak upon a painful subject, but I have undergone so much suffering, that I shall not shrink from this. Papa has informed me this morning that you have been pleased to pay me the highest compliment that a man can pay a woman. I wish to thank you for it. I wish to acknowledge it in terms the strongest and the warmest I can use. I am sensible of the honour, the high honour that you have intended me. It is indeed an honour of which any woman might be proud. You have offered me a heart of which I know the worth. No one can appreciate the value of your character better than myself. I do justice, full justice, to your virtues, your accomplishments, your commanding talents, and your generous soul. Except my father, there is no one who holds so high a place in my affections as yourself. You have been my kind and true

friend; and a kind and true friendship, faithful and sincere, I return you. More than friends we never can be, for I have no heart to give."

"Ah! dearest Miss Temple," said Lord Montfort, in an agitated tone, "I ask nothing but that friendship; but let me enjoy it in your constant society; let the world recognise my right to be your consoler."

"You deserve a better and a brighter fate, my lord. I should not be your friend if I could enter into such an engagement."

"The only aim of my life is to make you happy," said Lord Montfort.

"I am sure that I ought to be happy with such a friend," said Henrietta Temple, "and I *am* happy. How different is the world to me to what it was before I knew you! Ah! why will you disturb this life of consolation? Why will you call me back to recollections that I would fain banish? Why—"

"Dearest Miss Temple," said Lord Mont-

fort, "do not reproach me! You make me wretched. Remember, dear lady, that I have not sought this conversation; that if I were presumptuous in my plans and hopes, I at least took precautions that I should be the only sufferer by their non-fulfilment."

"Best and most generous of men! I would not for the world be unkind to you. Pardon my distracted words. But you know all? Has papa told you all? It is my wish."

"It is not mine," replied Lord Montfort; "I wish not to penetrate your sorrows, but only to soothe them."

"Oh! if we had but met earlier," said Henrietta Temple; "if we had but known each other a year ago! when I was—not worthy of you—but more worthy of you. But now, with health shattered, the lightness of my spirit vanished, the freshness of my feelings gone—no! my kind friend, my dear and gentle friend, my affection for you is too sincere to accede

to your request; and a year hence, Lord Montfort will thank me for my denial."

"I scarcely dare to speak," said Lord Montfort, in a low tone, as if suppressing his emotion; "if I were to express my feelings, I might agitate you. I will not then venture to reply to what you have urged: to tell you I think you the most beautiful and engaging being that ever breathed; or how I dote upon your pensive spirit, and can sit for hours together gazing on the language of those dark eyes. Oh! Miss Temple, to me you never could have been more beautiful, more fascinating. Alas! I may not even breathe my love; I am unfortunate. And yet, sweet lady, pardon this agitation I have occasioned you; try to love me yet; endure at least my presence; and let me continue to cherish that intimacy that has thrown over my existence a charm so inexpressible." So saying, he ventured to take her hand, and pressed it with devotion to his lips.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH CONTAINS AN EVENT NOT LESS IMPORTANT THAN THE ONE WHICH CONCLUDED OUR FIRST VOLUME.

Lord Montfort was scarcely disheartened by this interview with Miss Temple. His lordship was a devout believer in the influence of time. It was unnatural to suppose that one so young and so gifted as Henrietta could ultimately maintain that her career was terminated because her affections had been disappointed by an intimacy which was confessedly of so recent an origin as the fatal one in question. Lord Montfort differed from most men in this respect, that the consciousness of this intimacy did not cost him even a pang. He preferred indeed to gain the heart of a woman like Miss Temple,

who, without having in the least degree forfeited the innate purity of her nature and the native freshness of her feelings, had yet learnt in some degree to penetrate the mystery of the passions, to one so untutored in the world's ways, that she might have bestowed upon him a heart less experienced indeed, but not more innocent. He was convinced that the affection of Henrietta, if once obtained, might be relied on, and that the painful past would only make her more finely appreciate his high-minded devotion, and amid all the dazzling characters and seducing spectacles of the world, cling to him with a firmer gratitude and a more faithful fondness. And yet Lord Montfort was a man of deep emotions, and of a very fastidious taste. He was a man of as romantic a temperament as Ferdinand Armine; but with Lord Montfort, life was the romance of reason, with Ferdinand, the romance of imagination. The first was keenly alive to all the imperfections of our nature, but he also gave that nature credit for all its excellencies.

He observed finely, he calculated nicely, and his result was generally happiness. Ferdinand, on the contrary, neither observed nor calculated. His imagination created fantasies, and his impetuous passions struggled to realise them.

Although Lord Montfort carefully abstained from pursuing the subject which nevertheless engrossed his thoughts, he had a vigilant and skilful ally in Mr. Temple. That gentleman lost no opportunity of pleading his lordship's cause, while he appeared only to advocate his own; and this was the most skilful mode of controlling the judgment of his daughter.

Henrietta Temple, the most affectionate and dutiful of children, left to reflect, sometimes asked herself whether she were justified, from what she endeavoured to believe was a mere morbid feeling, from accomplishing the happiness of that parent who loved her so well? There had been no concealment of her situation, or of her sentiments. There had been no deception as to the past. Lord Montfort knew all.

She had told him that she could only bestow a broken spirit. Lord Montfort aspired only to console it. She was young. It was not probable that the death which she had once sighed for would be accorded to her. Was she always to lead this life? Was her father to pass the still long career which probably awaited him in ministering to the wearisome caprices of a querulous invalid? This was a sad return for all his goodness—a gloomy catastrophe of all his bright hopes. And if she could ever consent to blend her life with another's, what individual could offer pretensions which might ensure her tranquillity, or even happiness, equal to those proffered by Lord Montfort? Ah! who was equal to to him?—so amiable, so generous, so interesting!

It was in such a mood of mind that Henrietta would sometimes turn with a glance of tenderness and gratitude to that being who seemed to breathe only for her solace and gratification. If it be agonising to be deserted, there is at

least consolation in being cherished. And who cherished her? One whom all admired—one, to gain whose admiration, or even attention, every woman sighed. What was she before she knew Montfort? If she had not known Montfort, what would she have been even at this present? She recalled the hours of anguish, the long days of bitter mortification, the dull, the wearisome, the cheerless, hopeless, uneventful, hours that were her lot when lying on her solitary sofa at Pisa, brooding over the romance of Armine and all its passion—the catastrophe of Ducie, and all its baseness. And now there was not a moment without kindness, without sympathy, without considerate attention and innocent amusement. If she were querulous, no one murmured; if she were capricious, every one yielded to her fancies; but if she smiled, every one was happy. Dear, noble Montfort, thine was the magic that had worked this change! And for whom were all these choice exertions made? For one whom another had trifled

with, deserted, betrayed! And Montfort knew it. He dedicated his life to the consolation of a despised woman. Leaning on the arm of Lord Montfort, Henrietta Temple might meet the eye of Ferdinand Armine and his rich bride, at least without feeling herself an object of pity!

Time had flown on. The Italian spring, with all its splendour, illumined the glittering palaces and purple shores of Naples. Lord Montfort and his friends were returning from Capua in his galley. Miss Temple was seated between her father and their host. The Ausonian clime, the beautiful scene, the sweet society, had all combined to produce a day of exquisite enjoyment. Henrietta Temple could not refrain from expressing her delight. Her eye sparkled like the star of eve that glittered over the glowing mountains; her cheek was as radiant as the sunset.

"Ah! what a happy day has this been!" she exclaimed.

The gentle pressure of her hand reminded her of the delight her exclamation had afforded one

of her companions. Strange to say, that pressure was returned. With a trembling heart Lord Montfort leant back in the galley; and yet, ere the morning sun had flung its flaming beams over the city, Henrietta Temple was his betrothed.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

This book is given special protection for the reason indicated below:

Autograph	Giftbook
Association	Illustration
Condition	Miniature book
Cost	Original binding or covers
✓Edition	Presentation
Fine binding	✓Scarcity
Format	Subject

Eas

L82—1M—11-51—48627